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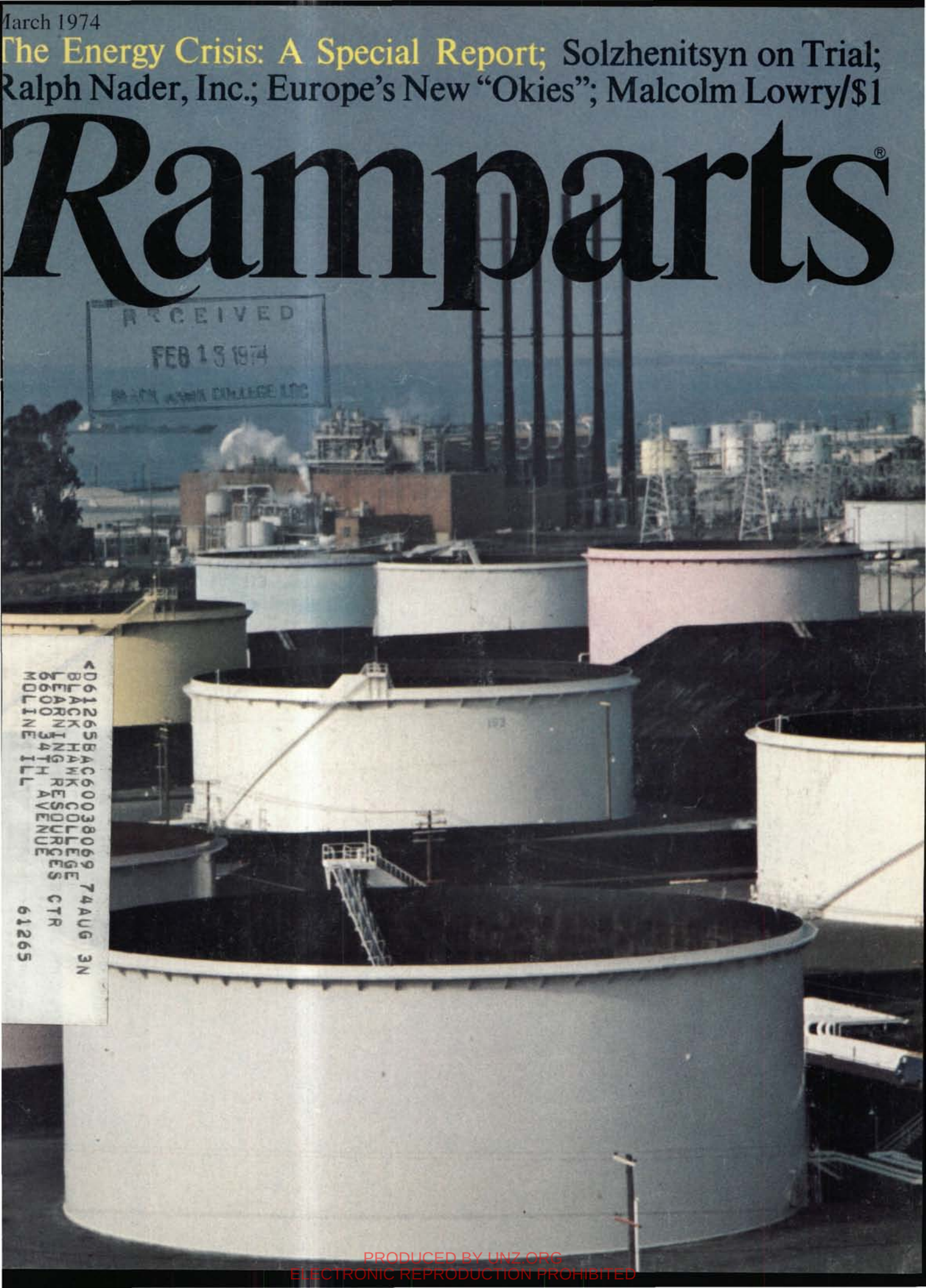

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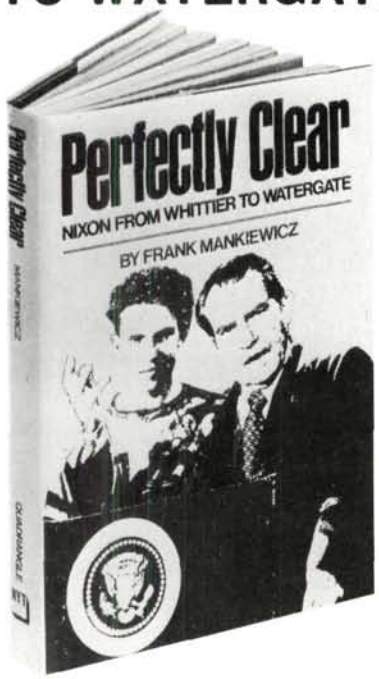

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(*Page 16*) European Migrants

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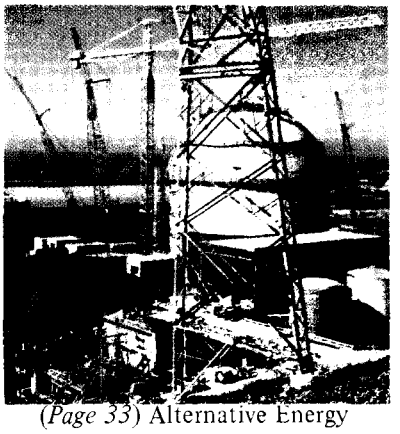

(*Page 33*) Alternative Energy

Herein:

6 LETTERS

10 GOOD MORNING CLASS, MY NAME IS BZZZ VZZ CRACKLE
by Michael Seltzer and Howard Karger

16 EUROPE'S IMMIGRANT WORKERS: NEW GRAPES OF WRATH
by Schofield Coryell

21 RALPH NADER: HOW FAR CAN A LONE RANGER RIDE?
by William Greider

24 SOVIET DISSENT: IN SEARCH OF FORGOTTEN MEN
by Marcus Raskin

27 POEMS OF OSIP MANDELSTAM

29 THE ENERGY CRISIS IS COMING . . . IN ABOUT 200 YEARS
by Richard Parker

33 ALTERNATE ENERGY: HERE COMES THE SUN
by Gene Marine

37 RETURN OF TEAPOT DOME

39 . . . AND IN THE MOUNTAINS OF COLORADO

45 THE PRIVATE VOLCANO OF MALCOLM LOWRY
by Adam Hochschild

49 FILM NOTES
by Nick Rabkin

51 THE ALMANAC
by Tom Zeman

Ramparts

Volume 12, No. 8 March 1974

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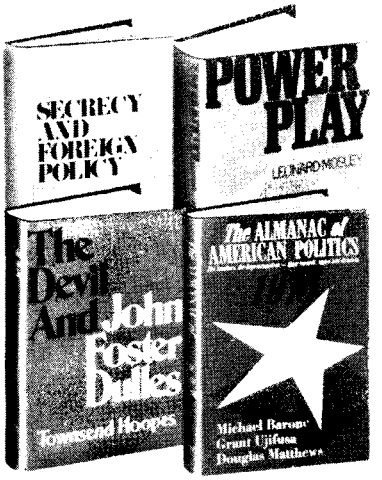

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Letters

[SCIENCE FICTION]

Editors / Andrew Kopkind's pronouncements on science-fiction (*Ramparts,* Jan. '74) leave me with the strong suspicion that he doesn't know much about what he's talking about. I refer especially to his statement "The rules of science-fiction and the dogmas of its belief-systems reject the relevance of the present and admit only the importance of the archaic past or the visionary future." That might have been true 20 years ago, but hardly now.

Among the basic techniques of s-f writers is to project contemporary trends to ask where society might be going, and to create situations in which individuals live in and react to these societies. S-f therefore has a unique potential for expressing people's fears, hopes, and expectations about the society we live in now and where their lives are going. During the complacent Fifties this critical potential was largely untapped–s-f's visions of the future largely matched the satisfaction with which the present was viewed. Since then several factors have brought about a great change and polarization in the science-fiction world.

The s-f audience expanded. Through most of its development s-f readership had consisted of a large following of early adolescents and a smaller adult core of engineers and physical scientists (a notoriously conservative group in our society). The style and social vision of s-f was about what you'd expect to appeal to such an audience. But over the past two decades, s-f readership has diversified at an accelerating pace, and a market for alternative kinds of s-f has emerged.

Science-fiction authors and readers shared the trauma of the Sixties, and what they have produced reflects this. While a number of authors continued along old lines, with the Atlantean fantasies and space adventures Kopkind so dislikes, an increasing number began writing works with an increasingly clear implicit and explicit political content. The result has been a tendency to polarization–the response of different political outlooks to the Sixties. There is a fairly clear right-wing in s-f, including such prominent authors as Poul Anderson, a deeply pessimistic Burkean conservative, and the quasi-Randite Robert Heinlein. On the other side we see a predominantly younger group associated with a more radical vision that includes such figures as Harlan Ellison.

Among the finest authors in this left wing of contemporary science-fiction is John Brunner. In a number of major works over the past few years (*Squares of the City, Stand on Zanzibar, The Jagged Orbit*), he has used the s-f novel as a vehicle for a critical exploration of a number of trends in modern society. His recent novel, *The Sheep Look Up,* is a splendid satirical study of what environmental destruction may do to America, and of the contradiction of a society with five percent of the world's population consuming over 30 percent of its resources.

Perhaps *Ramparts* could find someone who knows what he's talking about to review Brunner or other recent examples of good, critical science-fiction.

Bob McMahon
Chapel Hill, N.C.

[INTERNATIONAL POWER GAMES]

Editors / Terence McCarthy enlightened brilliantly the intricacies of the economic-monetary-military power game of imperialism–in general (*Ramparts,* Nov. 1973). But in detail some of his opinions are to be corrected. First, of course it can be questioned whether the Cold War has really ended–but this theme I am not elaborating here. Yet, when Mr. McCarthy contends that U.S. grain sales to the U.S.S.R. enable the latter to retain 142 Warsaw Pact divisions in Eastern Europe, one must listen to Secretary of Agriculture Butz who said on Nov. 19, 1973 that if the U.S. should put an end to grain deliveries to the Arab countries (which in any case are unimportant) the Soviet Union –due to its record harvest–could easily substitute American deliveries.

Concerning Japan, Mr. McCarthy does not duly consider the most recent facts, according to which Japan's balance of payment is rapidly deteriorating, while U.S. exports, due to the devaluations, rose to an unparalleled level. Certainly, in certain agricultural and industrial products, the U.S. is becoming less competitive; but that is in part the consequence of the business practices of the U.S. trusts which installed their plants and enterprises in five continents.

Robert Major
New York, N.Y.

McCarthy replies: Of course Russia can feed Arabia. Why not? It has its 1973 crop, plus whatever is left of the U.S. grain reserves shipped to Russia, plus certainty of further massive shipments. Earl Butz forecasts $19 billion of farm exports in fiscal 1974; up $6 billion from 1973, $11 billion from 1972. To where are they destined? Monaco? The first law of logistics is that no power goes voluntarily to war without securing its food reserves. Armies still march on their bellies. Emptying its grain elevators in 1973 by shipments to Russia and China gave convincing proof that the U.S. had abandoned military containment. The U.S. made itself literally incapable of sustained land warfare. The Cold War was ended and detente made real and visible.

As for Japan, it has been compelled by U.S. pressure artificially to raise the foreign exchange value of the yen and to limit specific exports to the U.S.–America's insulation against Japan's superior (before the oil catastrophe) man-hour productivity. The result: Japan's favorable trade balance with the U.S. declined $2 billion in Jan.-Sept. 1973, and is believed to be negative for October. But Japan is a special case.

Devaluation of the dollar was not voluntary and did not correct the U.S. non-farm trade deficit with the world, which was $6.8 billion in Jan.-Sept. 1972 and $6.3 billion in the nine months of 1973, despite the $2 billion fall in the Japanese trade surplus with the U.S., which includes U.S. farm exports. Nine-months deterioration in non-farm, non-Japanese trade thus exceeds $1.5 billion despite dollar devaluation. (U.S. export/import unit values *declined* from 93.1 percent in June 1972 to 91 percent in June 1973, although the dollar had been devalued ten percent. Robert Major should not apply the effects of single-currency devaluation in conditions of world surpluses to conditions of world scarcities.

U.S. trusts played no part in Japan's productivity gains. U.S. multinational corporations (MNCs) had $2.2 billion invested in Japan in 1972, only 2.4 percent of their $94 billion holdings abroad. MNC investments are *highest* where productivity gains are *lowest:* 45 percent Western Hemisphere; 10 percent England, 23 percent Continental Europe; 5.7 percent Australia and South Africa; 5.5 percent other Africa and Mideast. This is a mature-economy (*Vide* Marx on diminishing *rate* of surplus value as capital accumulates; Ricardo on differential rates of return on investment in developed and developing countries.)

MNC 1972 earnings ($2.5 billion) on years-start investment ($1.7 billion) in the Mideast was 147 percent per annum; in Japan, 18.7 percent; developed countries (excluding Japan), 11.3 percent on $56.7 billion. Obviously, MNCs are not implacably logical entities. As their parents, they cannot escape the laws of development, and the inhering contradictions of capitalist production and expansion. The effect of MNCs on marginal prices, costs, and labor content of products is still an unexplored question and deserves an analytical approach free of the Devil Theory.

[SEX AND CHOICE]

Editors / Re: "The Third Sex" by James Nolan (*Ramparts,* Dec. 1973). We are being told now by a new wave of unisex fashion, acceptable "glitter" transvestism and bisexual idealism that the outcome of women's liberation and gay liberation is androgyny. Subcultures and countercultures come and go, movements flourish and then die down, and still, I am a lesbian.

Does "pansexuality" make provisions for having made a choice? It seems to me that the trends are saying the only way homosexuality is going to be acceptable is if "pansexuality" comes into widespread existence as a euphemism for an act which singularly cannot be quite right. I don't want provisions made for me with the stipulation that I call myself an androgyne, a humanist,

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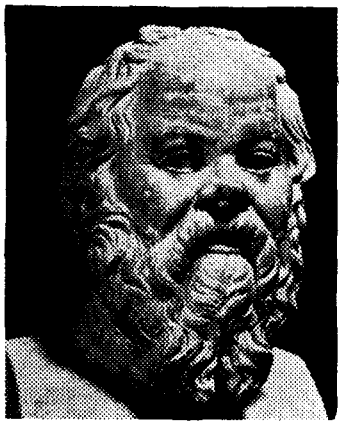

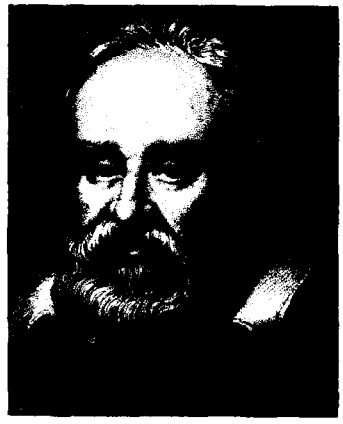

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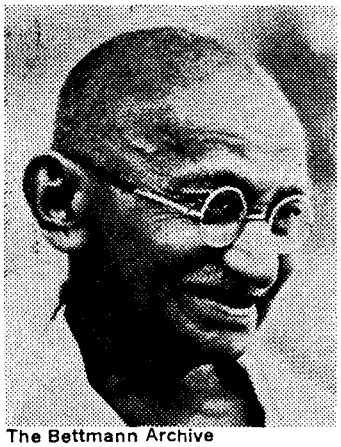
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AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

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In short, Amnesty International demonstrates forcefully and continually to the prisoners and their governments that no one will be forgotten, and that injustice, mass arrests, mock trials and torture will never be tolerated.

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"Persons who are imprisoned for expressing their religious or political beliefs or because of their ethnic origins, provided they have not used nor advocated the use of violence." Thousands of these "prisoners of conscience" are being held by the governments of Brazil, South Africa, Czechoslovakia and Pakistan. Thousands more are imprisoned in South Vietnam, Greece, the U.S.S.R. and Indonesia. These are only a few of the offending countries.

TORTURE:

Amnesty International has recently launched an all-out campaign to abolish torture. The world cannot call itself civilized until we have made it

AS UNTHINKABLE AS SLAVERY.

Torture is practiced in over thirty countries. Your special help is needed.

We are engaged in this struggle not only because repression, torture and execution are wrong, but also because if we do not help today's victims who will help us if we become tomorrow's?

Won't you join us?

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San Francisco, California 94101
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I care.

- ☐ I would like to join and help. Enclosed are my dues of fifteen dollars.
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polymorphously perverse, etc. I want to be called by my proper name lesbian–and not have it hurt, not have its connotations be outmoded by a genderless frenzy of orgiastic humanism. I don't want a token "right on, sister!" from "acid-mutants, high-heeled boys, fag hags, communal-livers, group gropers, switch-hitters," etc. I don't want gay liberation glossed over by indicating the third sex has outmoded a need for it.

Androgyny will have it easier coming into being and acceptance than homosexuality ever will. Even the fashions are conforming to these unisex whims. Don't flatter yourself with labels like "sexual and therefore political anarchy." While androgyny will EVOLVE, homosexuals will still have a long hard struggle for survival within their own identity.

Ruthe D. Canter
Hartford, Conn.

[POLICE POLITICS]

Editors / I am writing you to take the strongest possible exception to a reference to the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in Andrew Kopkind's article on "The Politics of Police Reform" (*Ramparts*, Oct. 1973). From beginning to end the article's characterization of LEAA is so thoroughly wrongheaded that it would take many pages to analyze each of Mr. Kopkind's numerous misrepresentations. Nonetheless, as Administrator of LEAA, I would be derelict in my official duties were I to pass over without comment the the totally erroneous statement that "LEAA is primarily a hardware pusher, dealing helicopters, computers, armored cars and any number of sophisticated weapons systems to local police."

The facts are as follows:

1. The amount of LEAA funds the states have spent for equipment has always been relatively modest.

2. By far the greatest part of the equipment was purchased to meet essential criminal justice agency needs that the states and localities had themselves failed to finance. Most state and local law enforcement agencies have been notoriously behind the times in their equipment inventory, and in most cases the purchases enabled them to acquire material and facilities that private firms and Federal government agencies have had in regular use for decades.

In fiscal year 1972 (the most recent for which statistics are available) only 10.6 percent of the Agency's action grant monies (what we call Part C funds) was used for hardware (which is defined as communications equipment, helicopters, fixed wing aircraft, police uniforms, motor vehicles, firearms, ammunition, and the like).

Each of the 55 states and territories in this country has a planning agency that decides criminal justice system needs. Eighty-five percent of LEAA's action money goes to each state according to its relative population, and it is the state plannning agency that decides how that money is to be spent. And it should be noted that each state planning agency is a creature of the state government. The agency director is appointed by the governor, and its personnel are answerable to him and hence to the state electorate. Thus, the planning agency is truly representative of state and local interests.

If the state planning agencies had decided arbitrarily to limit the amount of funds that could be used for equipment expenditures–or for any other type of projects that localities have consistently identified as high-priority needs–they would have been accused of not responding to local requirements. Moreover, they would have abdicated their planning responsibilities. Planning is an assessment of actual needs and the development of viable alternatives to respond to them. Planning is not the imposition of theoretical percentages.

There can be no question that many if not most law enforcement agencies in America have been suffering from inferior and insufficient equipment. The President's 1967 Crime Commission so states. The Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, chaired by Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, reported in "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society" (on page 13): "Too much of the [criminal justice] system is physically inadequate, antiquated or dilapidated. This condition goes beyond the obvious obsolescence of many correctional institutions and the squalor and congestion of many urban lower courts, which make it difficult to treat defendants or convicts humanely. The system's personnel must often work with poor facilities: record keeping systems that are clumsy and inefficient, communications equipment that makes speedy action difficult, and an absence of all kinds of scientific and technological aids."

Therefore, I think there is no reason LEAA should be defensive about assisting law enforcement agencies. It is simply doing the job that the Congress mandated that it do.

At the same time, it must be emphasized that LEAA funds are used to improve every component of the criminal justice system. The legislation under which the Agency operates specifically orders it to support *all* anti-crime efforts, that is, all parts of the criminal justice system. The work that LEAA does in corrections, courts, prosecution, public defender, offender rehabilitation, juvenile delinquency, narcotics abuse, and so on, demonstrates that the Agency takes this obligation seriously indeed.

The share of LEAA funds spent on courts and corrections has increased at a steady pace since the inception of the program. Allocations for court improvement programs in fiscal year 1972 doubled those of fiscal 1971, and corrections funding by the states increased 16 percent.

An analysis of the state comprehensive plans shows the following distribution of LEAA funds by type of program:

–$44,078,901 of 10.6 percent for upgrading criminal justice personnel.

–$41,238,043 or 9.9 percent for prevention of crime.

–$58,919,841 or 14.2 percent for juvenile delinquency prevention and control.

–$89,885,846 or 21.6 percent for detection and apprehension of criminals.

–$48,375,595 or 11.6 percent for prosecution, court and law reform.

–$66,953,392 or 16.1 percent for correction and rehabilitation.

–$12,052,286 or 2.9 percent for organized crime control.

–$10,368,581 or 2.5 percent for civil disorders control.

–$7,810,962 or 1.9 percent for police community relations.

–$21,305,151 or 5.1 percent for research and development.

–$15,201,402 or 3.6 percent for construction of criminal justice facilities.

Furthermore, there is no program to establish a "government police secretariat" or to form a corps of "Fedcops," and it does not enhance *Ramparts'* reputation to permit Mr. Kopkind to use its pages to assert such patently untrue and undocumented charges.

Donald E. Santarelli
Administrator
Law Enforcement Assistance Administration
Washington, D.C.

Kopkind replies: Administrator Santarelli is certainly entitled to defend his agency, although his new concern for his Left flank must raise suspicions as well as eyebrows about the political contradictions at large in the Capital these days. (Readers may remember Santarelli as the genius of the Washington, D.C. "Crime Act," which constructed "no-knock" and "preventive detention" as pillars of the American criminal justice edifice. The same gentleman, in his capacity as Associate Deputy Attorney General during the illustrious regimes of Messrs. Mitchell and Kleindienst, was the author of the Nixon Administration's secret memo to FBI field offices requesting political "advice" on the 1972 campaign to re-elect the President.) But perhaps I digress; now to LEAA:

1. Santarelli says the LEAA funds spent for equipment are "modest." Modesty, of course, is a relative term, and in relation to the amount of money spent on, say, the Wars in Indochina, the LEAA hardware allocation is small. But observers and students of LEAA are in general agreement that hardware is a main emphasis of LEAA. The highly detailed study prepared by the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, called "Law and Disorder–III," devotes a long chapter to "The Hardware Industry," and introduces it:

"The massive new federal funding in the anti-crime area has primed the pump for a growing criminal justice industry. . . . This new industry emphasizes the combat role of the police. It has the alarming potential–supported by LEAA funds–for the creation of a domestic military apparatus far removed from the traditional local service-oriented police department. . . . LEAA has spent millions of dollars for equipment, and allowed the states to spend millions more from block grant funds, without paying

(*Continued on page 60*)

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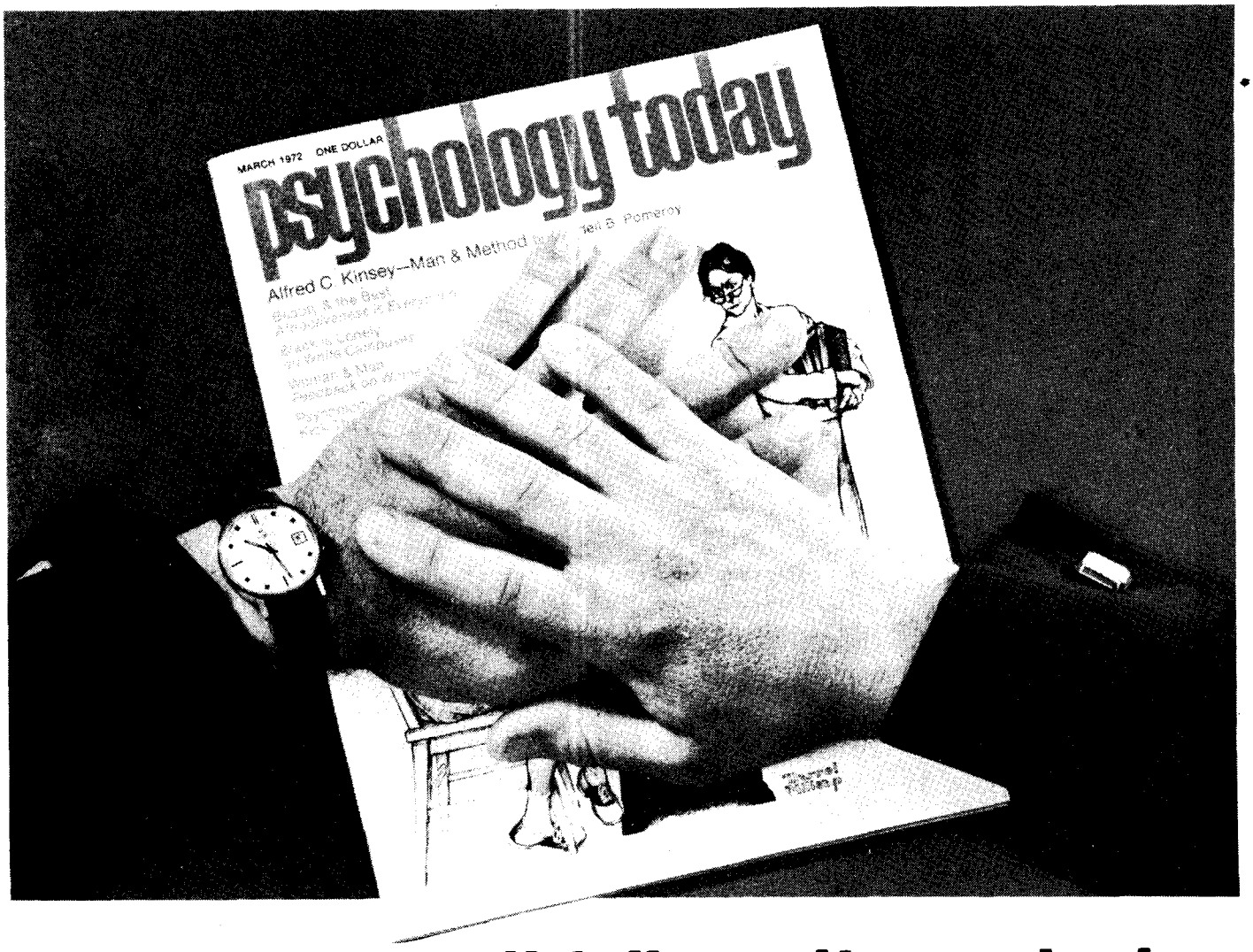

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GOOD MORNING CLASS .....

UPI

... MY NAME IS BZZZ VZZ, CRACKLE

Imagine yourself a conscientious teacher in today's American school. You are a symbol of institutional failure and the most visible target for armies of critics. You are besieged from the Left by the Kozols and Holts who view you as the representative of a racist and rightist system; attacked from the Right by the Raffertys and Birchers who see you as soft on Communism; and castigated from above by a school board with no money to spend. Parents regard you as *the* cause of their children's failure and students view you as the director of the theatre of the absurd they are forced to endure. Typically, you are the product of that bad joke known as teacher education in the U.S. and more often than not you are underpaid and unprepared for the job required of you. The system is failing to educate children and you as its most visible representative must take the blame. You are caught in a trap: damned if you maintain the status quo, damned if you change it.

Help is on the way. Tomorrow may be your day for a consultation with the friendly and sophisticated resource person (not salesperson, *Please*) from the XYZ Educational Corporation. He and his brethern are bringing teachers the solutions to all their problems in neatly-packaged and highly-priced learning kits. Corporate wisdom and technological expertise, they say, will solve the teacher's dilemma, calm most of the liberal and conservative critics of American education, and teach the children. Like all of the American system's victories, tomorrow's smoothly functioning schools will be a triumph shared by all: teachers, students, school boards. And of course by the corporate rich.

Corporations are coming late to school. Their tardiness, of course, is related to the fact that they were delayed on the way by profit-seeking adventures in warfare. But despite this late start, there are today few areas of primary and secondary education in America left untouched by corporate influence. Yet it would be a mistake to assume that these corporate inroads into the classroom are solely related to the winding down of the war in Vietnam. The captains of American industry have been interested in education since the Fifties. Given an ideology long guided by the fiction that land, labor and wealth are com-

BY MICHAEL SELTZER AND HOWARD KARGER

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modities to be sold, it was only natural that North Atlantic capitalism would eventually expand its mythology to include knowledge as just another commodity.

By the Sixties, *Fortune* was soon proclaiming "Knowledge: The Biggest Growth Industry of Them All," and even such economic conservatives as Peter Drucker were predicting that 50 percent of U.S. GNP in 1980 would be related to the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge.

Today it is clear that the knowledge industry has followed the monopoly capital route of the oil, steel and automotive industries. In other words, an initial phase of massive competition between many corporations has been replaced by a situation where the entire market is controlled by a handful of corporate giants. A few familiar corporate faces now dominate the marketplace of knowledge: IBM, RCA, Time-Life, ATT, ITT, Singer and Xerox.

[THE ELECTRONIC CLASSROOM]

Like the electronic battlefield, its corporate predecessor in the Sixties and Seventies, the electronic school is rapidly soaking up vast amounts of entrepreneurial expertise, and money spent on planning and selling. One of the most successful corporate pioneers in the virgin area of education is Science Research Associates (SRA), a subsidiary of IBM.*

The Science Research Associates system, like so many of the products marketed by American capitalism, is sold by hucksters preying on the fears of the consumer. The SRA salesperson plays upon the fears of teachers, administrators and school board members who sense, with some justification, that the blame for educational failure in their community will be laid on their doorsteps. The man or woman from SRA, like the insurance or drug company representative, is armed with facts, figures, charts, graphs and anecdotes which are designed to heighten the potential customer's anxiety. Then tone and tempo change to present the customer-to-be with what SRAese calls the "greatest invention since sliced bread": the corporate learning package.

The hidden premise for this pitch is that technology, even if it fails to solve the problem, will serve as scapegoat for those legions of angry parents demanding to know why their children have failed to learn. The machine, in other words, absolves the teachers of responsibility and guilt. Another hidden premise works when the SRA pitch is directed at administrators and school boards: corporate technology, though expensive in the beginning, will eventually cut costs by replacing human teachers; it will never go on strike, demand a living wage and ask for a salary increase. Furthermore, it seems likely that an electric bill for an entire electronic school will never equal the yearly pay of one human being who has a family to raise, a house to maintain and bills to pay. Initial costs for corporate teaching devices are of course astronomically high, but in the long run an oft-used term in SRAese the school board and the administrators can see teacher costs plummeting.

Undoubtedly one of the best selling points of the SRA and similar corporate educational packages is the blind faith Americans have in technology. Even the total failure of technology in Vietnam has yet to convince most Americans that transistors, gears and masses of wires cannot cure all our ills. With a mythology making technology synonomous with change for the better, it is not unusual that so many Americans accept SRA and similar tools without daring to question the premises, contents and aims of these educational toolkits. Unfortunately, all too few Americans ask exactly what corporate technology does in fact have in store for their children and grandchildren.

[THIS IS A RECORDING]

The operation of an SRA package is simple. Each subject is presented to the pupil in a program consisting of a film strip, a workbook and an audio lesson correlated to a picture book-reader. Central to each package is a cassette or record. In SRAese, the cassette or record player is ideally located at a listening carrel: a desk in a cubicle lined with acoustical tile. The pupil sits passively at the carrel and listens to the lesson broadcast to him through a set of headphones. In the lower grades, the audio lesson usually opens with a warm and friendly sounding voice introducing himself or herself to the student. In intermediate and higher grades, this introduction often features a musical interlude of bubblegum rock (Osmond Brothers, Jackson Five).

Following this the serious business of education begins. The listening child is instructed by the voice to look at the pages in the picture book-reader as he or she listens to the recording. In this way, the pupils receive a simultaneous auditory and visual message aimed at holding their attention. Special sound cues (bells, chimes, songs) are built into the recording to direct the child to move on to the next page. In higher grades, a workbook is integrated into the system and children are required to answer questions asked by the voice before being allowed to continue with the lesson. When the recording for the day stops, workbooks are examined by the flesh and blood teacher.

The SRA learning situation confronts the child with an omniscient voice of truth. There is no opportunity for discussion or disagreement, and no chance for the child to ask the voice how, when, where and why he or she or it came to possess the information. The disembodied voice has a monopoly; there is no room for questions.

The SRA and its competitors in corporate education claim these voices of wisdom embody the combined work of America's best value-free academicians. But consider for example the nature of SRA mathematics lessons, where you might expect the "value free" myth to actually have some truth. Here the lessons are remarkable for what they do *not* teach. As in the past, problems are presented dealing with the mini-capitalistic world of lemonade stands, fruit sales and interest rates. In their most value-free state, the favorite objects of mathematical scrutiny and inquiry are chil-

***Another is Human Resources Research Organization (HUMRO) of Alexandria, Va. HUMRO has long been a research arm of the U.S. Army and received $4,300,000 from the Army in 1970. In 1972 HUMRO shifted its sights to civilian education with a $175,000 National Science Foundation grant to investigate why school systems were so slow in adopting computer-assisted instruction.**

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dren in classrooms, kites in the sky and pies in the kitchen.

Think, on the other hand, of the kinds of problems students could be presented with in a truly balanced math program. Rather than present business problems from Lilliputian lemonade stands, why not deal with the wage and profit figures from the Brobdingnagian world of Iranian oil and South African gold? Rather than subtracting plastic children from plastic classrooms, why not focus instead on the differences between the infant mortality rate of American Indians and babies in Scarsdale? In reading, rather than learning about Dick and Jane on Grandfather's farm, why not a lesson about black children on Chicago's Southside? Or a story about their visit to a relative working as a tenant farmer in the delta country of Mississippi? Rather than a cute and boring story starring Dick the boy detective solving the case of the missing pie, why not a real detective story about Watergate?

[THE WORLD IN A BLACK BOX]

One example of today's electronic curriculum is an SRA social studies package—"Our Working World: Families at Work." It aims "to introduce children to the fundamental principles underlying the functioning of our social worlds." These principles, not surprisingly, are economic. As SRA points out, "it is because economics plays so large a role in the child's world, and because it will continue to be so important all his adult life, that it has been made the core of 'Our Working World.' "

This preparation for life as an adult in a very economic world begins in the second lesson of the first grade "Our Working World." At this point, the voice of SRA introduces the child to two groups in society: those who produce and those who consume. A producer is "someone who makes something useful or does useful work," while a consumer is introduced as "someone who consumes things." This neat little social dichotomy suffices for the six year old until she or he is nearly two-thirds of the way through the lesson plan. At this point in Lesson 16, the child is introduced to a third hitherto invisible member of society: the person who worries. In Lesson 16: "Why some incomes are low and others are high," the first grader is told that those persons who earn more money usually (1) go to school longer; (2) work longer hours; (3) work all year round; (4) have dangerous jobs; and (5) take chances and therefore worry. In short, the profit motive becomes the worry motive; the implication is that Rockefellers and Mellons do more working and worrying to get their high incomes.

Lesson 16 is also important to the schoolchildren because it is here that they learn, via the voice of absolute knowledge, about the silly putty law of wages. So that this basic truth is not lost on the immature mind, the teacher's resource unit suggests a game in which "one child plays employer and five children line up in front of his office to apply for a job as errand boy" (sexism, too, is part of SRAese). After interviewing the boys about their strength, speed, knowledge of the city and ability to make change, the employer child "asks each child how much he will work for. Each child tells an amount and the employer hires the child who asks the lowest weekly wage."

Two lessons later, the omniscient voice greets its listeners with a new and important truth: "Do all families pay the same amount of taxes? No, families who earn more, pay more taxes. Families who earn less, pay less taxes. Families who earn very little, don't pay taxes at all." This lesson concludes with an extended sermon by the voice on the need for military spending:

It costs lots of money to have an Army, Navy, and Air Force. Soldiers have to have clothes, guns and tanks. The sailors have to have clothes, ships and airplanes. Men in the Air Force also have to have clothes, airplanes and parachutes. The country has to build airports so that the planes can take off and land. The country has to build spaceships and train pilots and astronauts.

In Lessons 20 through 24, the child is greeted by a jolly banker. Mr. Banker tells them that banks loan money to people only if the borrowers are honest and have a good reason for borrowing. This truth is well illustrated in the SRA pictures with a cartoon of Mr. Banker looking at a prospective borrower in a thoughtful manner. Above Mr. Banker's head float two pictures of the borrower's face: one face is encircled by a halo while the other is adorned with a set of devil's horns.

By the time the student has reached the third grade, he or she is now reading SRA's package: "Our Working World - Cities at Work." At this point, students are assumed to be ready for more complex truths. Thus, he or she can now learn all about imperialism.

In "Calcutta, A City That Has More People Than Jobs," the third grader learns:

Once, long ago, there was only a small village of mud huts on the banks of the Hooghly. Life was simple and peaceful for the people. Things did not change much from year to year. There was always enough rain and sun to make the rice grow.

But the simple life of the village stopped one day almost three hundred years ago. On that day big ships from England sailed into the harbor.

The Englishmen on the ships were looking for a place to set up a trading post. . . .

The little village soon became an important place for the English trading company. Goods were unloaded at the port and sent deep into the countryside around it. Raw materials from the farms, plantations, and mines were brought to the village and shipped to faraway England.

. . . The whole area became prosperous.

In "A City That Uses Its Wits: Singapore," the third grader gains another SRA perspective on the benevolence and prosperity of economic imperialists when the voice intones an elegy for Sir Thomas Raffles, who brought much of India under the British East India Company:

Sir Thomas welcomed businessmen and workers from all over the world. . . .

Sir Thomas treated all these people with respect. He helped them to live and work together. His door was always open to anyone with a problem.

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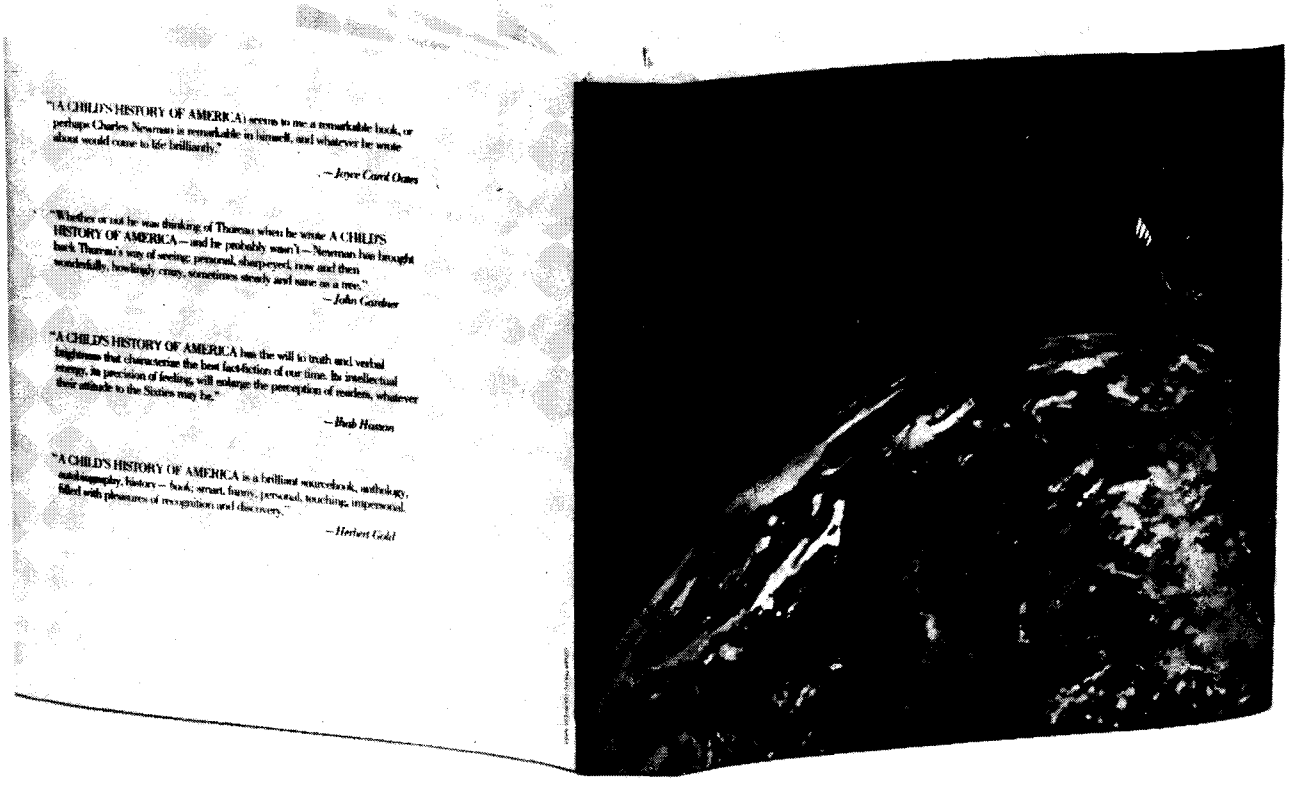
"A Child's History of America ... a great montage of insights, anecdotes, polemics and interruptions ... wild, generous, pained trips ... overflowingly persuasive in their factual actuality."

N.Y. Times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And so it goes. One economic truth follows another and another. Year after year, SRA increases the child's store of knowledge. Some children, however, might be expected to interrupt this stream of corporate wisdom by raising questions and disagreeing with these truths. Undoubtedly, these kinds of negative responses occur most frequently in ghetto schools containing SRA's "target populations." Here, of course, are found children whose experiences in the real world do not coincide with SRA's world of jolly bankers, friendly policemen and "worrying" rich folk.

Obviously, these doubting schoolkids cannot question the black box of truth because it cannot respond. If they then question their teachers and are not satisfied with the answer, the teachers draw from the SRA version of the telephone pitchman's rebuttal sheet (the Resource Unit). And if the child's doubts persist, the teacher may turn to one of several SRA *Teacher's Guidance Handbooks: Identifying Children With Special Needs* and *Helping Children With Special Needs.* With these tools, teachers can label these problem children as being "generally or agressively maladjusted." These students are identified by their "sass," or "defiance," "deep and frequent sighing," or "dislike of school." They may then be referred to school counselors who "treat" these children for their failure to adjust to the classroom. If counseling fails, current educational policy suggests that a suitable tranquillizer be administered daily, to insure that these problem students never disrupt the program of corporate conditioning in the classroom. Children adjust to the system and the system works perfectly.

[WINNING HEARTS AND MINDS]

With SRA and similar technologies, the medium is clearly the message. The overt objective of corporate education is the socialization of children via content. But another hidden objective is the socialization of children via the medium. As the corporate-run electronic battlefield of the Sixties aimed to neutralize the target population physically, the corporate-run electronic classroom is working to neutralize its target population psychologically today. This goal of neutralization is perhaps best expressed on the back cover of the 1973 SRA Catalogue where the slogan is "Link the child's imagination and experience to the world that is and is to be." But linking, in the corporate education package, really means controlling. By controlling and directing the human imagination, the potential for mass social programming is unlimited. By first obscuring social and political alternatives via content, and then neutralizing imagination via media, corporate conditioning insures the stability and permanence of any given social order.

The corporate learning situation is a singular and all-inclusive process: one "learning" tape. Discussion which might breed critical thought is prohibited by the medium of this black box and the enclosed listening carrel. This system operates to prevent genuine learning from developing: it does not allow for a process where ideas can be conceptualized and tested, where hypotheses can be scrutinized and replaced if need be, where new thoughts can evolve, and where all of these things can be talked about among living, breathing and thinking human beings. Instead, the learning situation is one wherein absolute truths are taught, questions are not answered, discussions are denied, and the exchange of ideas between humans is prevented by the physical barriers of the learning carrel.

What the child really learns through corporate conditioning is passivity and alienation from himself or herself and others. The child learns that the most fruitful relationships with others will be as passive and impersonal as the silent listening and disembodied voices of the learning carrel. The child learns that messages and commands broadcast through electronic media are more valid than the speech and gestures of less-than-perfect human beings. The child learns that resistance is futile and that work in workbooks must be completed as the voice directs. The child learns that the voice of technology possesses a monopoly on truth and values: the voice determines what is the right answer and what is the wrong. From this it is too short a step to obeying other voices which say that murder is pacification, war is peace, torture is interrogation, black is white and freedom is slavery.

The education corporations are not resting content with the domestic market when there is a world to win. Today, for example, SRA is active in Canada, Mexico, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Europe and parts of Asia. Singer, with a long history of global enterprise, is presently experimenting with a $3,000,000 budget to be used to set up prototypes of Singer Learning Centers. Ma Bell, a domestic educational pioneer in her own right, has plans for bringing school technology to all the "free" world.

Issues of *Fortune* and *Educational Technology* in recent years abound with articles describing monopoly capital's sudden and deep interest in the educational problems of the Third World. Old friends in AID, UNESCO and the universities are currently hard at work examining such topics as "The Feasibility of Educational Applications for Communication Satellites in Underdeveloped Countries" (AID/Stanford), "Educational Media Laboratories in Guatemala" (AID/Pittsburgh), and "New Technologies and Education in Brazil" (AID). Academic apologists defend these global plans, presenting them as examples of the concern of big business with the plight of the starving, ill-housed, undereducated peoples of the world.

For the corporation, the Third World offers considerably more than just the immediate profits to be gleaned from a total takeover of educational institutions. If their global electronic classroom does become a reality, it will insure them a receptive population passively awaiting their orders to produce, buy and die, if need be, for the cause of American profits. The properly-managed corporate school of the Third World will never produce a Che, a Malcolm, or a Mao to threaten the social order benefitting the corporations. Their electronic battlefield may have failed, but their electronic classroom will triumph.

Michael Seltzer teaches anthropology at the University of Wisconsin at Superior. Howard Karger is an ex-member of the Teacher Corps and currently a graduate student in education at the U. of W. at Superior.

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We're standing up to them in the fields— will you stand up to them in the stores?

Boycotts are a drag. You're tired of them, just as the farm workers are tired of striking. But the workers will not be reduced to chattel again. Cesar Chavez asks consumers to unite as never before. Nothing less will cause the growers to grant workers the simple right to vote, by secret ballot, on which union will represent them: the UFW or the Teamsters.

Three years ago a massive consumer boycott dragged growers kicking and screaming into the 20th Century. Now, when UFW's hard-won contracts are up for renewal along come Teamster honchos who, without a word to the workers, sign a ready-made contract with the growers. That Teamster contract reinstitutes the notorious Labor Contractor hiring system, reduces the workers' already minimal pay, imposes no restrictions on the use of man-killing pesticides and leaves the workers without any effective medical benefits. There are other cruel inadequacies in the Teamsters' sweetheart contract, but that Teamsters are now importing scab labor should be enough to make you lose your taste for grapes.

So how come these union-hating growers welcome Teamster advances rather than negotiate with a worker-controlled union? Growers, not surprisingly, prefer to deal with bosses who have nothing in common with the men and women who spend their lives bent over in the fields.

The farm workers are seeking redress via the courts and by petitioning the growers for secret-ballot elections. The Teamsters are now importing scab labor (many of whom arrive not knowing they are strike-breakers and who are coerced to keep working by the Teamsters' inelegant persuasions!). The bitter fruit of this labor is now arriving at stores in your neighborhood. If these grapes sell, other growers will be tempted to follow the lead of their Coachella and Delano peers and invite the Teamsters to "organize" the fields on their terms i.e., a lower hourly wage; no restriction on the use of condemned sprays, including nerve gas; reinstitution of the slave-labor contractor system, and a medical plan that neatly excludes seasonal workers!

To strike is to go hungry, and for many workers it means going to jail. But strike we will, even knowing this may not prevent the harvest.

You are our last line of defense. You are the one critical element the Teamsters cannot control. If you are sickened by this attempt to return farm workers to the status of cattle, then the workers' cause is not yet lost.

The Growers understand sales. The memory of the last great boycott is their recurring nightmare. To be stuck with a worthless crop is a fate even worse than negotiating with a worker-controlled union.

Nothing less than a massive consumer boycott of grapes and iceberg lettuce will cause the growers to recognize a union that represents the workers.

So here's what you can do to support the farmworkers in their non-violent resistance to the Grower-Teamster consortium: 1. Boycott all table grapes. 2. Contribute money to help feed the workers who will miss the few months of work when they can earn wages. The money you send will be used for basics: food, clothing, medicine. 3. Continue to boycott iceberg lettuce, Safeway and A. & P. stores.

"THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE DO NOT MOVE AS FAST AS NATURE GROWS GRAPES" —Cesar Chavez

TAKE A STAND

I enclose $_____ to help the farm workers survive the coming weeks or months without a working wage.

☐ I would like to help with the boycott of grapes, iceberg lettuce, Safeway and A. & P. Please send me more information.

YOUR NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

Make Checks Payable to "United Farm Workers Union".

Mail to: United Farm Workers Union
4101 23rd Street
San Francisco 94114
Call (415) 864-5613 for further info.

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Europe's Immigrant Workers:

Alain Valtat/Liason

New Grapes of Wrath

Black Africans sweeping the streets of Paris. Algerians and Italians working on the high-speed assembly lines of the vast Renault auto plant. Turkish waiters in the cafes of Hamburg. Portuguese laborers at the construction sites on the outskirts of Geneva. Indians and Pakistanis driving busses through the heart of London. All over Western Europe, millions of immigrants from the poorer southern end of the Continent, from North and Central Africa, from Asia Minor and the Middle East, from South Asia and the Caribbean, are doing the vital but back-breaking work that the native-born are glad to leave them, despite widespread complaints that "the foreigners are coming here to eat our bread and take our jobs . . ." As it was put by one European economist, "The immigrants increasingly play the role of a basic industrial proletariat in the West European economies, while the native-born citizens comprise the 'new working class' of technicians, managers and supervisors."

The contribution of immigrant workers to Western Europe's economic growth has been decisive in the past decade. The French business magazine *Entreprise* puts it neatly: "If from one day to the next, all the foreigners were to go home, the entire French automobile industry would be disorganized . . . The garbage would rot in the streets. We would have no wine or sugar; rice, apples, peaches would never get harvested. . . ."

Speaking of Western Europe generally, the monthly publication of the European Economic Community, *Trente Jours d'Europe,* makes essentially the same point: "If [the migrants] were to quit the Community tomorrow, many European industries would cease to operate and the various European economies would be in danger of collapsing. The 'guest-workers' accept the badly-paid, unskilled but necessary jobs that no one else wants. They contribute an important element of mobility and flexibility to the workforce . . . By enabling their employers to save millions on the wages they pay them, they make European industry competitive on the world market."

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, immigration to European countries came primarily from just across the border. Thus Austrians, Belgians and Dutch frequently migrated to Germany, while Italians, Spaniards, Belgians and Swiss went to France. Today, however, the immigrants come increasingly from distant lands. In 1930 there were only 90,000 emigrants from the African continent in all Western Europe; today there are hundreds of thousands. Formerly, a large percentage of the immigrants were seasonal workers in agriculture; today, most remain for several years, and only a relatively small percentage of them are employed in agriculture.

According to the latest figures available, there are now about nine million immigrant workers in the Common Market area--14 million counting their

by Schofield Coryell

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dependents—United Nation experts predict four million more by the end of the decade. This means that one person in every 16 living in the Common Market area is a foreigner. In other words, the immigrant workers are more numerous than the Belgians, the Danes or the Irish. *Trente Jours d'Europe* concludes that they could be legitimately regarded as a "tenth member" of the European Economic Community.

But if they are valued by the European Community for their labor, the immigrants are kept firmly in place at the outskirts of that community. Exploited by the employers who recruit them, discouraged from putting down roots by government restrictions, unfamiliar with local language and culture, relegated to urban slums or industrial shantytowns, regarded with suspicion and sometimes hatred by European workers, generally neglected by national labor unions, subject to deportation if they protest conditions —the migrants continue to pour in. And as their numbers increase, so does European dependence on their cheap labor, and so does the potential for social and racial conflict. Nowhere has this potential been more clearly demonstrated than in France, now the temporary home of more than three and a half million foreign workers—11 percent of the total work force.

[IN THE COUNTRY OF EXILE]

The office of the Union of Turkish workers in Paris is located in the heart of the Latin Quarter; small and sparsely furnished, its walls are decorated with anti-fascist slogans and poems of Turkish revolutionaries. There I spoke to Ali Mustapha, a soft-spoken, short and wiry man in his mid-twenties who knows what he is talking about from personal experience. He told about how he—a peasant from a village near Ankara, drawn by the glittering prospects of good money in France—came to work in the building industry. Since his arrival, he has been working irregularly, managing to send about a third of his wages back to his wife and child in Turkey.

Mustapha talked about the million-plus Turkish workers in Western Europe: "Most of the Turks who come to Western Europe are simple peasants with tiny plots of land who have to work . . . in a losing struggle to make ends meet. Emigration means to them a possible chance to make some money to put aside in order, perhaps, to buy some more land or a little shop later on. They usually leave their families behind. The Turkish government encourages this movement—it takes the pressure off the regime at home. Otherwise, thousands more peasants would be crowding into the already packed cities of Turkey, where they would only swell the ranks of the unemployed."

Mustapha explained that the vast majority of Turkish immigrants are recruited in the remotest villages by agents of a vast network of modern-style slave traders. The Turkish recruit then comes into Germany or France, with a year's work contract; he usually remains three or four years, renewing his contract several times before returning to his family. "The big dream is to come back richer than he left, but that is only a dream. He usually barely manages to make ends meet, and returns as poor as he ever was."

In the country of his economic exile, the Turkish immigrant usually lives with three or four others in a tiny room in the slums, or in specially built barrack-like structures that belong to his employer. Those who work in construction, for example, are often crowded into hastily erected wooden dormitories on the edges of the building site. Mustapha tells how "they often have to go on working even after the end of the normal eight-hour day so as to finish what they are doing, before they are allowed to go to bed."

Later I talked to Mehmet Gur, a Turkish immigrant working at the Paris plant of Citroen, one of the most anti-labor companies in France. A short, mustached young man with a lively, argumentative manner, Gur came to Paris three years ago from his village outside Istanbul. There he had lived with his wife and two children in a tiny adobe hut on a small, debt-ridden plot of land; life as he knew it was a constant struggle to survive. Now he lives together with 50 other foreign workers, crowded together in a ramshackle Citroen dormitory far out in the Paris suburbs. He has managed to send some money home, but much less than he had hoped, and he looks forward to an early return to his country.

The Citroen assembly line where Gur works is a Babel of languages, for it consists almost entirely of immigrants—Black Africans, North Africans, Turks, Spaniards, Portuguese, etc. "The foreman is rougher on us than he is on the French workers," he told me. "If we open our mouths to protest, we are threatened with being fired and thrown out of the country." Foreign workers at the plant are forced—on pain of dismissal—to join the so-called French Confederation of Workers (CFT), a nation-wide company union backed by the most anti-labor employers and linked to the ruling Gaullist Party. The CFT has not hesitated to use violence against strikers, or against organizers for the genuine trade unions or the Left.

Mehmet Gur showed me a copy of his Citroen work contract, which contained precise information about the number of workers, French and foreign, at the plant. It told, in a nutshell, the story of the immigrant labor force and its role in production. At the plant there are 19,439 French workers and 18,019 immigrants, about 50-50. But there are 1,007 French technicians and precisely *four* immigrant technicians. At the other end of the spectrum, only 3,776 of the Frenchmen are unskilled workers, while 16,678 foreigners—almost all—are unskilled.

["THEY HAVE BEGUN TO FIGHT"]

There may be a sharp increase in the number of Turkish immigrants in France in the months ahead. This is partly because of Turkey's closer ties with the Common Market, but is more to offset the decision of the Algerian government in September 1973 to suspend the emigration of workers to France. This decision was a dramatic response to a wave of racist attacks—harassment, beatings, murder—against Algerian workers in all the French industrial centers where they are concentrated. In announcing the suspension, Algerian President Houari Boumedienne explained that the normal flow of Algerian workers to France (about 30,000 a year) could not be resumed until measures were taken "to guarantee the dignity and security of the

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Algerian population in France."

The epidemic of violence against the Algerians and other immigrants had become so serious that even the slow-moving French trade-union movement—both the Communist-oriented CGT and the democratic (formerly Christian) CFDT—organized a mass rally in Paris in September 1973, along with various liberal and humanitarian groups. Among the orators was a Portuguese construction worker, who offered an explanation for the outbreaks: "What is the reason for this sudden increase in attacks against immigrant workers? It is that they have begun to fight for their rights—striking for better wages and working conditions, protesting scandalous rents for rotten quarters."

Indeed, organized, collective struggle by the immigrant workers has become a new and explosive development in France. And one of the most dramatic expressions of this new militancy was the long and effective strike started in the spring of 1973 by some 370 assembly-line workers—all immigrants—at the Renault automobile plant outside Paris. The main demand was "Equal Pay for Equal Work!" The workers were protesting not only ruthless working conditions, but also the fact that they were getting paid substantially less than French workers doing similar tasks.

Located in the town of Billancourt, outside Paris, the Renault plant sprawls across dismal acres of grey stone and red brick; with 30,000 workers, it is the largest auto plant in France, and a traditional bastion of the French labor movement. But the recent strike, which lasted from March 20 to May 2, 1973, began as a spontaneous, wildcat action among foreign workers. As it spread to the entire corps of semi-skilled workers (about 12,000, of whom 9,000 are immigrants), the strike was directed by an ad hoc "struggle committee" of workers. Only later did trade-union officials chime in with uneasy support.

Caroline Lespinasse/Fotolib

The strike eventually ended with only a partial victory for the Renault workers. But its real significance lay in the fact that it showed the immigrants finally emerging from their long political passivity and isolation. This new activism has also been demonstrated in struggles around living and housing conditions. In many slum tenements, for example, immigrant workers have organized rent strikes, refusing to pay the exorbitant rents demanded for tiny, unheated, overcrowded rooms, or else banding together to fight arbitrary evictions. Many of these actions have been successful in at least extracting small concessions or thwarting outrageous cases of discrimination.

However, the bargaining position of immigrant workers in France has been threatened by actions of the French government itself. In October 1972, Minister of the Interior Raymond Marcellin and Minister of Labor Joseph Fontanet jointly issued a decree to "simplify" the procedure for regulating immigrants once they arrive in France. Whereas the residence permit was previously issued by the Prefecture of Police and the work permit by the Ministry of Labor, these two all-important documents are now granted simultaneously by the police alone. The right to reside in France thus depends on the immigrant's possession of a work permit, which is given only to those holding a one-year contract with a specific employer. The two permits also now depend upon the immigrant's being "decently housed."

The government justified the new directive as a humanitarian measure to make life better for the immigrant by giving him access to work and housing, and the press generally went along with this interpretation. The liberal *Le Monde* wrote that the new directive represented "social progress," and the Communist Party's *L'Humanité* stressed the circular's "positive aspects." To the immigrant workers, however, it was immediately clear that the new rules and regulations were designed to make them even more dependent on the favor of their employers; the slightest protest could lead to the loss of their jobs and subsequent deportation. Even the fine sentiments about "decent housing" provide an excuse to take action against an immigrant worker; few have anything resembling decent housing, and there are no efforts to provide it.

But instead of destroying the new militancy of the immigrant workers, the "Marcellin-Fontanet" directive aroused a hard core of them to even greater protest. It certainly did not prevent the strike at Renault the following spring. And all over the country, immigrants organized hunger strikes and massive street demonstrations, calling for repeal of the new circular, as well as for improved working and living conditions. These actions have been supported by newly formed left-wing groups like the Committee for the Defense and the Lives of the Immigrants. (The New Left in France has for some time realized that the foreign workers are an untapped source of revolutionary energy and renewed organizing; the Old Left has belatedly begun to compete.)

[A STATE OF EMERGENCY]

In the face of mounting protest among the foreign workers, a native-French backlash erupted across France. *Ordre Nouveau* (New Order)—a neo-fascist organization whose leaders boast of their support for the Nazis during World War II—organized a meeting on June 21, 1973, in a Paris meeting hall. Their slogan was *"Halte à l'Immigration Sauvage!"* ("Stop Uncontrolled Immigration"). The meeting was illegal by the terms of a new law against "racist propaganda," but the government made a point of authorizing it in the name of free speech. New Left groups mobilized thousands of protesters outside the Latin Quarter hall where *Ordre Nouveau* was meeting, and there were violent clashes with the police.

In the aftermath of the riot, *Ordre Nouveau* was banned by the government, along with the Trotskyite *Ligue Communiste*. But the anti-immigrant hysteria continued to mount. Headlines of the openly racist newspaper *Minute* screamed that the country was being "inundated" with waves of syphilis-bearing, rape-prone undesir-

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Christian Rausch/Fotolib

ables. On June 23—just two days after the *Ordre Nouveau* rally—shots were fired from speeding cars into several Algerian cafes in the Paris suburbs. On July 3, in Vitry—also on the outskirts of the capital—three racists murdered a Portuguese worker, then attacked an Algerian. In the southern resort city of Nice, on August 2, two Algerian workers were badly wounded in a fight with the owner of the building in which they lived. Racial violence erupted in the city of Toulon, where the Municipal Council declared a "state of emergency" on August 10.

The developing xenophobia reached a climax in mid-August, when an Algerian laborer, clearly a mental case, killed a bus driver in the Mediterranean port city of Marseilles. The Algerian was nearly lynched, and the local press used the tragedy to whip up anti-Algerian fury throughout the region, where many former *colons* live and memories of the Algerian war are vivid. *Le Meridional,* a right-wing Marseilles newspaper, shrieked, "We have had enough of Algerian thieves, Algerian thugs, Algerian braggarts, Algerian troublemakers, Algerian syphilitics, Algerian rapists, Algerian pimps, Algerian lunatics, Algerian killers . . ." The newly formed "Committee for the Defense of Marseilles" launched a virulent campaign against "The Brown Threat." Within a week, 11 North Africans had been murdered across France—six of them in Marseilles. (It was in this climate that Algeria cut off its flow of emigrants to France.)

The immigrant workers answered these attacks with organized action in their own defense. During the month of September, a newly formed Movement of Arab Workers (with Tunisian, Moroccan, and Algerian members) staged a series of strikes and demonstrations throughout the urban centers of southern France—in Marseilles, Toulon, Toulouse. These local protests culminated in a day of country-wide coordinated action by Arab workers. The day was highlighted by a meeting of thousands of Arab workers in front of the Paris mosque, following a massive walk-out of immigrants from the construction sites and factories of the Paris area. For the first time, production was halted at the Citroen plant when Arab workers there—joined by other immigrants—downed their tools and marched out en masse. Cafes and restaurants in Arab neighborhoods were closed for the day. Meanwhile, the violence has continued: on December 14, a bomb shattered the Algerian Consulate in Marseilles, killing four people, wounding a hundred more.

[A CRISIS OF EUROPE]

The crisis of immigrant labor may be clearest in France. But to varying degrees it is a crisis faced by every country in Western Europe, whose economies have become heavily dependent on foreign workers. In West Germany, for example, there are nearly 2,500,000 immigrant workers—one foreigner for every 18 people; one for every nine workers. One waiter in three in the cafes is a foreigner, and without foreign nurses many hospitals would have to shut down. In the production of steel and of automobiles, one worker in 10 is a foreigner; in metal production, one worker in nine; in construction, one in five. The largest single group is the 750,000 Turks, followed by Yugoslavs, Italians,

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Greeks and Spanish. The West German government has made some effort to prepare the immigrants for a better future when they return home—with subsidized training courses, for example—but only on a small scale and with limited effect. Turkish workers at the giant Ford plant in Cologne recently staged a strike for equality of treatment and pay; there is every likelihood that such actions will continue.

In Great Britain, the massive influx of immigrant workers—chiefly from the countries of the defunct British Empire—has been an explosive political and social issue for several years. The approximately 1,250,000 "colored" immigrants from the Caribbean, India, Pakistan and Black Africa constitute two percent of the total population. Unlike most European countries, where the vast majority of immigrants are only temporary residents, large numbers were able to become citizens or permanent residents—as former fellow subjects of the Crown. This has raised for many Britons the specter of a lasting racial problem, particularly in a time of rising unemployment and consequent competition for jobs. Enoch Powell, formerly a Conservative member of Parliament, led a demagogic campaign in the late '60s against "colored" immigration; and while his own party leaders criticized him for it, the government eventually imposed restrictions on immigration as well as on naturalized citizenship.

Yet the incoming flow of foreign workers has continued, providing labor in key areas of the country's economic life. Indians and Pakistanis, for example, drive the buses, work on building sites, and hold down lower positions in factories, hospitals and restaurants. Few of these worker-immigrants—generally peasants in their country of origin—become technicians or occupy positions of authority, although a "brain drain" still channels doctors and engineers from their impoverished homelands (where they are badly needed) into the British community.

Switzerland is an unusual case: in no country is the percentage of immigrant labor so high. There are an estimated one million immigrants out of a total population of six and a half million. The Swiss people themselves do little unskilled labor, leaving most of it to foreign workers, such as the thousands of Italians who cross the border each year for the harvest. Working principally in agriculture, food, metal, construction, watch-making, and in hotels, the migrants encounter the same problems of health and housing in Switzerland as elsewhere. In June 1970, the issue of immigration came into the focus of national attention when a proposal to cut back foreign workers was narrowly rejected at the polls after a virulently xenophobic campaign.

In Belgium, the sharp increase in immigration throughout the Sixties compensated for a near-catastrophic decline in the native labor supply in Walloon country, where mines and factories were a few years ago cutting back production or closing completely for lack of workers. Since then, thousands of workers have been streaming into the area both from the Common Market countries and from Southern Europe and North Africa. In the province of Liege, for example, foreigners constitute one person in every ten, one youth in five, one worker in four.

Recent government policy has been to encourage these workers to remain and bring their families to settle permanently. They have been accorded trade-union rights, for example, and have been offered posts on newly created consultative Immigrant Councils. But such concessions are of limited impact; foreigners, here as elsewhere, are subjected to exploitation and sharp prejudice.

In Holland, too, immigration rose sharply during the Sixties. In 1959 there were only 20,000 immigrants, as compared to 100,000 in 1971—and the trend is upward. The problem is therefore a recent one, and both the government and various groups—including the churches and the Left—have been trying to assist these workers from Southern Europe and North Africa. Housing conditions are deplorable, however, despite the government's well-advertised good intentions; 80 percent of the immigrant workers live crowded together in single, tiny rooms—many of which are unheated fire-traps. Prejudice is strong, as was demonstrated dramatically in August 1972 when irate Dutch citizens attacked a group of Turkish workers who had pooled their resources to buy a house in a residential quarter of Rotterdam. Yet the economic contribution of the immigrant workers is so vital that without it the products of Dutch industry would be priced out of the competitive European market, with resulting unemployment for the Dutch workers themselves.

[A PERMANENT MINORITY]

From the Baltic to the Pyrenees, the nations of Western Europe have been enticed into a dilemma. The opportunity to build their new "affluence" on the backs of cheap, temporary labor seemed too good to pass up. Immigrant workers seemed the best available substitute for an old-fashioned proletariat: they would be divided and unsure of themselves in a strange land; they were used to low wages and a minimal standard of living; what education and training they possessed would have been paid for by their own countries; and welfare expenses for unemployment, illness or retirement could be safely forgotten. If the foreigners became ill, or left their jobs, or simply became unhappy and disillusioned, they could simply go home—or be deported.

But it isn't turning out exactly that way. If the individual foreign worker is only a temporary resident, the immigrant community seems to be permanent—and growing. Unless mass unemployment forces the native workers—who now constitute a working-class aristocracy—to accept ill-paid, unskilled jobs in the factories and fields, the economies of the "affluent" countries of Western Europe will continue to depend on cheap immigrant labor.

And the immigrants, fragmented and exploited though they still are, have begun to find their voice, and to discover just how valuable their cheap labor has become. Third-World oil-producing nations have learned that their unity could slow the traffic of Western Europe. If the Third-World workers of Western Europe find the unity to demand social and economic justice, they could bring much of that traffic to a grinding halt.

Schofield Coryell has lived for 20 years in France as a free-lance journalist and writer. He is currently the Paris correspondent for Liberation News Service.

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How Far Can a Lone Ranger Ride?

Sygma

When they make the movie someday, an imaginative director will be able to adjust for the small defects of his nose and chin. The casting requires someone tall, dark, mysterious, a strong and heroic figure who swoops down on the ills of the marketplace, miraculously intervening to save the day for us hapless consumers. Perhaps a white hat and a mask. Riding away in a cloud of dust with a hearty hi-yo silver. We never got a chance to thank the masked stranger or ask him his name.

Ralph Nader is sensitive to the Lone Ranger element of his public personality, a folk myth which alternately repels and tantalizes him. It is valuable coin for arousing public curiousity and support, yet it contradicts the basic rationale of everything Nader has been doing for the last five years. Once he was musing about the easy road he might have taken, if he had not decided to institutionalize the public-interest advocacy which he had done so effectively alone.

"There are lots of things that I no longer do which I would like very much to do," he said with nostalgia. "I had a book a year planned. And I could produce a book a year, at least. All kinds of material. Project the scene—start with *Unsafe at Any Speed* and then you put out a book a year on each industry. See? You get a law through and just repeat the cycle . . . Very nice, very comfortable. You know, the Lone Ranger. The establishment loves Lone Rangers. Because they can always point to them and say, SEE, this country can do it."

However, Nader decided quite consciously he would be something more than the masked stranger, that the possibilities of American society promised a far greater alteration in the dynamics of public affairs. Early in 1969, he opened the Center for the Study of Responsive Law in Washington, D.C.—a low-rent think-tank which spawned a bewildering galaxy of Nader organizations and allied front groups. All were devoted to the basic idea that what Nader did, others could do, too; that a great untapped reservoir of "public citizens" could be channeled into a rising torrent, overwhelming the encrusted power relationships of corporate lobbyists, kept politicians and supine bureaucrats.

Not exactly a new idea. On the contrary, Nader was reviving the tarnished tradition of "good government" reformers, convincing lots of people that this time goo-goo's could succeed where before they failed. In his investigations, he and his associates often worked the same muck which the Progressives raked when the first Roosevelt was

by William Greider

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in the White House, from spoiled meat to corporate monopoly. After automobiles, the first Nader sensation was his critique of the Federal Trade Commission—the agency created to protect consumers 70 years ago. One of the next targets was federal meat inspection, the government regulatory program which an earlier Nader forbear named Upton Sinclair inspired with his exposés.

The irony of new reformers attacking the handiwork of old reformers, their spiritual ancestors, was barely noted. Nader was the first to agree that old regulatory reforms failed, that the FTC and similar agencies inevitably fell captive to the "special interests" they were meant to control. But the missing ingredient, he insisted, was the sustained presence of "public citizens" like himself, advocates who would force their way into the private decision-making channels to speak for the great mass of the unrepresented. Without that, he agreed, the new regulatory machinery created by his agitation would atrophy just as inevitably as that created by earlier generations, the Progressives and the New Dealers.

"There ought to be 10,000 doing this same work, not just in Washington, but in every community, every state," Nader insisted. The shoe leather of Nader's summer raiders —young people recruited from the best of campus idealism —and the brains of his regular hired guns produced a barrage of muck-raking reports, from poultry inspection to water robbery in the Southwest.

There is rat shit in your hamburger. The duPonts own Delaware. Senator Muskie is a sell-out on air pollution. Flouride toothpaste stains your teeth. General Motors will not sacrifice sales in order to save lives.

It was a compelling script, one which appealed to the deepest romanticism of America's self-image. This strange angry man, who did not own a car in the land of superhighways, who drew his nourishment from constant outrage rather than Fritos and Cokes, would somehow lead us back to the old virtues in the marketplace and in our government. Plain citizens would be heard again in the labyrinth of public affairs.

[NADER, INCORPORATED]

Alas, Nader was wrong. Even allowing for his usual hyperbole, I think Nader really believed that dream. The young people around him certainly believed it. They were to be the vanguard in a peaceful Jeffersonian revolution that would alter the basic structure of power in America. They were the first hybrid bloom which would be replicated again and again.

But the bloom has begun to wither. Although Nader's operation and others like it are still important, provocative elements in the Washington landscape, their ascendancy seems more remote. Meanwhile, the enormous law factories and the lobbying shops which serve Nader's corporate adversaries are growing like a boom city, as his fledgling student public-interest groups struggle gamely against campus indifference—like small boats in a summer calm.

Nader student groups—Public Interest Research Groups or PIRGS—are now organized in 18 states, sustained by a modest check-off on college and university fees, staffed by professionals and volunteers. In North Carolina, they are fighting a $60 million rate increase by the Duke Power Company. In Oregon, they lobbied against sex discrimination in lending. In Maine, they sued oil companies for profiteering.

The PIRG's represent Nader's most successful proliferation, stimulated in large part by Donald Ross, his young organizer, a blue-denim huckster-evangelist who combines idealism with a gritty sense of the practical. Ross knows that the dominant emotion on campus right now is "what's in it for me," so he urges PIRG organizers to employ that approach when they are seeking volunteers.

"You got to think of lures," Ross told a recent conference of PIRG leaders. "You get a catchy name—like Semester-in-the-Capital. You don't allow anybody to see the capital before the semester begins." He smiled at his own crassness.

"Let me say something ruthless about paying students who are summer interns," Ross said. "Don't pay them more than two thirds until the project is completed. That's a sad experience we had in Washington—the irresistible lure of a 21-day trip to Europe before school opens sometimes comes ahead of, say, finishing the report on the Interstate Commerce Commission. It's just like any other business—you don't pay until they do their stuff."

Public-interest advocacy was not conceived in the same spirit as Covington & Burling, the Washington law firm of superlawyers. But even Nader has found that money is the key to growth, just like in the corporate world. "It's stable, but this movement has to double every year to survive," Nader complained. "By now, we should have 3,000 or 4,000 public-interest advocates, not just lawyers, but professionals of all kinds. But there's no financing."

Nader's own fund-raising arm, Public Citizen, Inc., has provided substantial security to his own operation—$982,000 raised last year. But, he complains, there is no good prospect of growth financing for the public-interest movement. The Ford Foundation, the one money pot which bankrolled some economic-environmental outfits, is now retrenching. Nader dreams of consumer coops to foot the bill—organized around self-interest, not self-sacrifice.

"We've got about 45 people and we're about half the ballgame," Nader said. "Let's say there are 100 in Washington right now, and that's exaggerating. You're living in a market economy and you're trying to overcome the corporate excesses of a trillion-dollar economy with charitable resources—and it's not going to happen."

Considering he started alone, the Nader conglomerate of public-interest organizations looks rather imposing on an organizational chart, even if it only represents a few dozen people (he compares it to a modest Chevy dealership). The branches extend outward from the Center, some substantial and others hardly more than letterhead illusions. There is a "Small Claims Study Group" and "Retired Professional Action Group" and the "Tax Reform Research Group" and the "Freedom of Information Clearinghouse" and so on. Altogether they comprise nearly two dozen different entities which owe their existence to his inspiration and usually his money.

Nader gets about $300,000 in foundation grants, which

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are carefully channeled so that no one can accuse him of lobbying or politicking with tax-exempt funds. The rest comes from Public Citizen, Inc. and from his own pocket. He will not reveal his personal income from speeches and royalties, but it has been variously estimated between $200,000 and $500,000.

Inevitably, when Nader diversified, he opened himself to the same kind of questions which he had been asking about corporate bigness—complaints about quality control and rigid lines of authority. For awhile, it was fashionable to pick apart the fine print of Nader reports and it was not surprising that critics found errors under Nader's byline, committed by junior associates.

"I get the impression of a person who's franchising himself, who doesn't have control over the quality," sniffed Caspar Weinberger, a Nixon cabinet officer. "It's like anything else—the franchise in Chicago may not be the same as the Old Master."

Inside the organization, however, a contrary complaint was voiced by some of the younger college volunteers. They felt unattended, at loose ends. They came to Washington and were assigned to do the grueling legwork of research projects, but nobody gave them a clear idea of where the research was headed. One summer, a batch of "raiders" staged a small rebellion against dictatorial treatment and poor supervision, an incident which was carefully concealed at the time. The next summer, Nader sharply reduced the number of college volunteers.

"We assumed, wrongly as it turned out, that every student who indicated a willingness to work would be a self-starter, a mini-Nader," said Ted Jacobs, his chief of staff. "Some students could just revel in the freedom, others just thought it was anarchy."

Similarly, Nader believes his apparatus provides more freedom than some people can stand. "Some students can't deal with it," he said, "so some of them wanted, you know, softball teams. They wanted to develop a sub-society, they wanted people to sit with them in the morning and say, 'How are you doing?' Hand-holding."

[ALL THE KING'S MEN]

Nader's work also has a built-in attrition factor, a debilitating weariness which catches up with the zeal and eventually overtakes even his best people. He can always open the door and find scores of eager young collegians, but Nader has trouble holding onto the older stalwarts, those tigers with the experience of past battles.

The Nader Center, for instance, started with five well-qualified associates, men who had practical experience in and out of government, good minds and a tolerance for hard work. Now only one of the original five remains, Reuben Robertson, III, who has done work on ITT and the airlines. Robertson is personally wealthy and works for nothing, a self-possessed lawyer who tried life at Covington & Burling and knows what he doesn't like. His demeanor is patrician and placid in contrast to Nader's intensity and brusqueness. Once, in the midst of an ITT battle, Robertson slipped off to the beach for the weekend. When he returned on Monday, he found a Nader note on his desk: "Bad day for the beach—was Geneen at the beach?" Geneen is president of ITT.

Robertson has the capacity to smile and endure his boss's cantankerous moments. Others have found they could take it only so long before seeking other avenues to express their idealism. Harrison Wellford, who took apart the Department of Agriculture on meat-inspection, is now legislative assistant to Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan. John Esposito, who blasted Senator Muskie on air pollution, is now working on a foundation-sponsored energy study. Jim Turner, who did the study on FDA, quarreled with Nader on strategy and now has his own food consumer operation. Gary Sellers, who led the charge against death in the coal mines, is now working for—of all people—Sen. John McClellan of Arkansas, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee. All of them departed more or less on good terms with their leader, for complicated personal reasons including fatigue. Seller, for one, got tired of 3 a.m. calls and told Nader not to phone him after 11 p.m. Afterwards Nader would call him at one minute to 11 and then talk for hours.

According to Sellers, the fatigue was not just physical but psychological. Playing the astonished young reformer who discovers sin and sloth in high places is a game that people find less convincing the second or third time around. "You lose your capacity for outrage," Sellers explained. "If you struggle for two or three years on an issue and get your half-a-loaf, part of your honor is tied up in preserving that compromise. You have an interest in defending it. I couldn't go back to the coal-mine people and be perpetually outraged on some of those things that I had psychologically compromised on, things that I had decided were the best possible at the time."

The question of continuity is crucial in judging the impact Nader has had. The frustration may be linked to the reformer's dawning recognition that, despite the surges of popular support, despite the millenial rhetoric, the changes which Nader and like-minded advocates have been pursuing are limited and perishable. It is inspiring to believe that opening up access to regulatory decisions will make the regulatory agencies more democratic in their decisions. In the short term, perhaps yes. In the long run, history argues strongly that, to the contrary, the new machinery created for the general public's control will not just go unused when the general public loses interest. It will instead be transformed to promote the private interests which *do* maintain a continuing interest in regulatory decisions- the regulated industries, from meat packers to airlines to television broadcasters.

Traces of this process are already evident in some of the legislative fruits of the Nader reform era, although other measures, such as auto safety regulation, have yielded impressive results. Gas pipeline safety is still a joke. The federal law which Nader helped promote has been used to prevent aggressive states like New York from toughening up their own pipeline standards. Nader's task force complained forlornly that the new meat inspection law was being turned on its head by the industry—weakening the federal program Upton Sinclair muckraked into being.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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Soviet Dissent

The New York Times

In Search of Forgotten Men

by Marcus Raskin

Ever since Khrushchev's de-Stalinization campaign, a dedicated segment of the Russian intelligentsia has attempted to establish an opposition to the system of political repression and bureaucratic sadism in the Soviet Union. Their success as a movement is limited, but their bravery is laudable and undeniable, and their purpose worthy of support. Analysts can dwell on political differences between the members of the dissident groups, but the common message is clear: the Soviet Union is a repressive, unfree society which denies its citizens fundamental human rights and makes a mockery of socialist values.

In *Let History Judge,* the historian and educator Roy Medvedev attempted to write an account of Stalinism as the workings of a madman whose intimidated sycophants knew no limits. According to him, the torture and tyranny of Stalin's time had no roots in the Marxist-Leninist tradition. As a Communist, Medvedev accepts the fundamental ethos of the Bolshevik revolution, although he is unrelenting in his criticism of Stalin and those who were intimidated by him out of love of Party, power, cowardice or zeal. Although he had encouraged the development of international contacts and worked with Andrei Sakharov and V. F. Turchin in laying out a new program for socialism in the Soviet Union, Medvedev has gently criticized Andrei Sakharov in a *Samizdat* publication. Sakharov, who sees himself as immune from attack and imprisonment because he holds the order of Lenin and is the Father of the Russian Hydrogen Bomb, has sought international support for his movement for human rights in the Soviet Union.

In recent weeks, the audacious struggle for intellectual and political freedom in the Soviet Union has reached new levels. In the highly publicized and overpowering *Gulag Archipelago,* Solzhenitsyn has gone over the grim territory invaded by Medvedev, but from the perspective of the totally disenchanted. Solzhenitsyn uses the Soviet torture and prison system as the lever for re-examining the entire Soviet "experiment" and its assumptions. When *Gulag Archipelago* appeared in the West, the Soviet government attacked it as the work of an enemy of the Russian people, a book which had the possible pernicious consequence of defeating detente between the Western bloc and the Soviet Union. The Soviet officials did not deny the substance of the charges in the book. At this writing, Solzhenitsyn is on the edge of suffering disciplinary action. He is supported by Sakharov and a few other writers and academicians who have called for worldwide support for him as the "pride of Russian culture."

From different political perspectives, both Solzhenitsyn and Medvedev have undertaken a necessary human task: remembering the dead. In his dedication to the *Gulag,* of which only excerpts now appear in English, Solzhenitsyn said:

This I dedicate
To all those who did not live
to tell of it,
And may they please forgive me
for not having seen it all
nor all remembered,
for not having divined all of it.

Solzhenitsyn is an authentic embodiment of the gutsy

Alexander Solzhenitsyn

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spirit of survival which perseveres despite the horrors of the 20th Century. His writings, basically paranoid, search for another time and another tradition. I do not know if it is the tradition of the benign orthodox Christian Russian landlord, Prince Kropotkin, or of a Kerensky Social Democrat. It does not matter. If all of us cannot follow in his search, we can at least understand that a man whose loneliness and individualism was honed in 20th century wars, concentration camps, cancer wards and police cells would look beyond the catechism of Stalin or the pretension of Western intellectuals for his understanding of what happened in Russia. He survives to continue his literary inquiry.

[NAMING THE TRUTH]

Survivors with such purposes attempt to strike a deal with their audiences. The audience must support the writer to continue writing against the State. In exchange, the writer will teach and be prepared to tell his audience when an urn is an urn, when a pisspot is a pisspot, and how they get used or mixed up in people's habits and consciousness. The exchange which Solzhenitsyn has attempted to make is a good one, for there are lessons that must be constantly taught and remembered if people are to maintain any humanity. The artist, according to Solzhenitsyn, should have no other responsibility demanded of him. But his audience should be assured that the artist will not "surrender the real world into the hands of men who are mercenary, if not worthless, if not insane." Because of the organization of the modern state, people are not ordinarily able to make distinctions of language and action as part of an ingrained value system. The result is that concentration camps become rehabilitation centers, massive bombings are described as surgical strikes, and a concrete neck stock becomes an "exquisite necklace."

This debasement of language and life takes place not only because there are sadistic officials who enjoy and promote institutions which "turn the screw" or who, like the KGB torturer, General Ryazin, are happy at their work; there are also those who act for the Higher Principle. The most honorable bureaucrats, the dogmatists, and those who have a weakness for fashion in politics, believe and hope that by describing their soiled or childish actions in glowing terms, the actions themselves, and the social relations which they create, will clear a path leading everyone back to the Garden of Eden.

Left consciousness and thought have characteristics which can get diverted to such horror and nonsense. The undefined Higher Principle plays on the Left's correct practice of attempting to define the interrelationship of things and relations as a whole. By then translating such definitions into liberating ends for people, the Higher Principle can lead to avoidance, to renaming horrible realities to fit ideal intentions.

Questions about reality were not asked because of the Higher Principle. And if they were asked, the inquirer was open to personal attack. Those on the Left who talked about Soviet concentration camps were thought of as enemies; raising such questions within a communist nation was viewed as helpful to the capitalist states and therefore a threat to Party and State organizations. For men like Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's culture commissar, the dogma of the Party was complete. The question was how the Apparatus and the Party could successfully work as "engineers of the human soul."

Following the Khrushchev speeches to the 20th Party Congress, a generation of human soul engineering was interrupted. Formerly dogmatic Party leaders and specialists in avoidance on the Left could no longer evade the issue of the camps and the purges, of cultural and artistic suppression. It became clear that the sinister, corrupt and sometimes murderous role of the CIA, even capitalist and military encirclement by cold warriors, were not enough to explain away the camps. The issue was the Soviet State—the values of the Party and bureaucracy. There was no running away from this crushing weight.

It was Solzhenitsyn, the scientist turned artist, who became the cultural lightning rod for Soviet liberalization. The editors of the Soviet journal of literary criticism, *Novy Mir* (especially Alexander Tvardovsky), stood solidly for Solzhenitsyn because he appeared to be the harbinger of a new honesty.

Initially, Solzhenitsyn and *Novy Mir* were blessed by Khrushchev, but this blessing turned into a curse as Khrushchev lost his hold over the Soviet system because of his failures, so-called, in the Cuban missile crisis and in agriculture. But, in the meantime, Khrushchev had legitimated the feelings of some Left intellectuals and made it possible for them to defend Solzhenitsyn without their previous concern that such actions might prove anti-Soviet.

And so Solzhenitsyn was introduced into an informal, worldwide collegium of intellectuals, whose aim is no more than mutual assistance—for survival in the face of imprisonment, possible torture and oppression. And therefore we know that it is necessary to give our support and lend our names to each other.

By the time the first book of his projected trilogy on the Russian Revolution was published, Solzhenitsyn's views had become a bitter pill to swallow. In *August 1914,* he told his audience that the official explanations of what happened in the First World War had nothing to do with reality. He was not only a novelist, but a revisionist historian as much as Kolko and Williams were revisionists about the American empire. Solzhenitsyn seemed to be saying that while the soldiers "voted with their feet," they did not vote for the Bolshevik revolution.

[THE ARTIST AND THE STATE]

If it were only the wistfulness of a Bourbon emigré for the Tsarist restoration, Solzhenitsyn's writings would be as relevant as those of an American loyalist who called for the reunion of the United States with Great Britain in 1850 or 1860. And just as Lincoln feared British moves towards the Confederacy in the American Civil War, proscribing all kinds of writing as treasonous, the present Soviet bureaucracy feels that Solzhenitsyn's writing is a threat to the stability of the Soviet state. Article 70 of the Soviet criminal code forbids "the writing or dissemination of any anti-Soviet works."

But problems of protecting State power are not the con-

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cern of either the artist or the people; such are the concerns of the Power Lusters. In the light of detente and prior to the release of *Gulag Archipelago,* the fashionable found ways of dismissing Solzhenitsyn as a crank who would, if he ever left the Soviet Union, become the object of mild contempt and condescending smiles, much like the kind that now surround Svetlana Stalin's name. Such superciliousness misses the historic importance of the political and cultural struggles within the socialist countries.

Solzhenitsyn embodies part of this struggle of art to find transcendent, universal values from particular experiences. Marxists themselves are not ignorant of the importance of this struggle. As George Lukács put it (before Solzhenitsyn questioned the entire Soviet "experiment"):

> *When socialist literature uses its own resources to return to its true character, recovering the sense of its artistic responsibility before the great problems of the day, forces now silent can come into action and weigh on the side of renewal. In this process of transformation and regeneration, which signifies a radical change with regard to socialist realism of the Stalinist era, Solzhenitsyn represents a beacon lighting the way to the future.*

Bureaucracies may not be able to brook such criticism because they have a large stake in the continuation of hierarchic structures. Yet one would have thought that a socialist society would thrive on criticism, knowing full well that no critique is purely individualistic, but reflects what is in the minds of many about the conditions they live in. Criticism becomes a necessary corrective force in society. It was a right won in the 18th century bourgeois revolution. If socialism is to be a progressive social formation, it must consolidate the gains of past revolutions, not bury them.

Two questions which revolution brings into focus are highlighted in Solzhenitsyn's life. They are relevant to artists and thinkers in the West: What is the continuing effect of class origin on children and the next generation? What is the role of the writer and artist in the socialist country? Once Khrushchev was out of the way, Soviet officialdom explained Solzhenitsyn's work in terms of the Soviet State's theory of original sin—class origin. It had been assumed from previous accounts of Solzhenitsyn's life that he was the son of a petit bourgeois, born into a teacher's family in Kislodovsk, North Caucasus. However, the claim of the *Literaturnaya Gazeta,* after the publication of *August 1914,* was that Solzhenitsyn's mother grew up in a manor house that resembled a castle. "Indeed, old-timers in the village of Sablya still remember the wealthy Solzhenitsyns. The grandfather had up to 5,500 acres of land and about 20,000 head of cattle at the opening of the century. More than 50 hands worked for him" (*Literaturnaya Gazeta,* 12 January 1972, found in *Solzhenitsyn, A Documentary Record,* edited by Leopold Labedz, University of Indiana Press, 1973).

Solzhenitsyn answered in an underground news journal. He said that his grandfathers were both *muzhiks.* His father's parentage were "ordinary peasants," although on his mother's side the grandfather started as a farmhand who "became a tenant farmer and by the time he was old he actually became quite rich. . . . And he treated his workers in such a way that after the revolution they voluntarily supported the old man for 12 years before he died. Let a state farm director try to ask his workers to do that after he retires." Six months before Solzhenitsyn was born, his father died. The family lived in shacks, rented "from private owners for high payments" because "they could not obtain a room from the state." Solzhenitsyn's mother died at 49 from tuberculosis "because of our living conditions" dictated by class origin. "I was at the front at the time and I did not get to see her grave until 12 years later, after prison camp and exile." (Solzhenitsyn had spent eight years in a prison camp as a result of making veiled derogatory remarks about Stalin while a captain in the artillery.)

Solzhenitsyn is an authentic member of the hunted class in the Soviet Union, a membership that for him has spanned 50 years. How many millions of Russians are, in fact, represented by this story—the not-quite-kulak class which is consistently defined through time and offspring as if the badge of class continues to be passed to the children even after the class has disappeared? To coin a word, this *classism* is a central problem for the revolutionary socialist countries. Some have handled it better than others, as in the case of Cuba and China.

As we know, of course, there are other hunted people besides those who are children of the broken class. In Russia, children of old Bolsheviks have become dissenters. But they are not exempt because of their parentage. When we look closely we see that even their parents were victims from the beginning. Why the revolutionary class, the old Bolsheviks, also had to suffer through the concentration camps (worse than others, according to Medvedev) and allow themselves to be brutalized, seems incomprehensible. Some Bolsheviks, Solzhenitsyn thought, did not learn how to withstand punishment because Czarist prisons did not operate to break the prisoner. Other Bolsheviks accepted such torture because they would have used the same methods on their jailers—given the chance. Thus the issue of "standards" had already been resolved. Human feelings were not to get in the way of organizational roles and Party assignments.

Practical politics and revolutionary program, the Higher Principle, took the place of natural and decent feelings. And they believed that human relationships were secondary to something else, never understood and never defined. The feelings "of the past," those of honesty and love which they might have had, were to be cast out, thrust down and repressed as bourgeois, for a "new order" where morality was yet to be defined (against the past) and was to be enforced by the Party and Police. Not surprisingly, it was the artists who knew what was going on from the beginning. The masters of abstraction and metaphor, the Mayakovskys and the Mandelstams, were never deceived by the false abstraction and metaphor of Soviet politics. And that is why the question of artists and art is so crucial in the development of socialism. They feel the truth of liberation —and know their craft as well.

In a decent society, the questions of writing and surviving are intimately connected. I doubt if any but party-liners would say that Solzhenitsyn's right to speak should or could be contested. The practical question is his right to publish. After the Russian Revolution, Lenin grandly assured the anarchist Kropotkin that his most recent book

(Continued on page 56)

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Poems by Osip Mandelstam

One of the two or three greatest 20th century Russian poets, Osip Mandelstam, was born in 1891 into a Jewish family in Warsaw. He grew up in the imperial capital of St. Petersburg and published his first book of poetry at the age of 22. Like most Russian intellectuals of his time he welcomed the overthrow of Tsarism, but soon became suspicious of the regime that rose in its place. Like his friends Boris Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova, he took a stand against Stalinism. Exiled to Armenia, his work was heavily censored.

Then in 1934 he was arrested for writing a poem attacking Stalin. He was exiled again, then finally arrested and put on a prison train to Siberia. He died in a prison camp there in 1938. The sad odyssey of his final years is told in the memoir *Hope Against Hope,* written by his widow, Nadezhda Mandelstam, and published in this country several years ago (see RAMPARTS, Sept. '71). Suppressed for over 30 years in Russia, the major body of his poetry is now for the first time appearing in English, translated by Mandelstam's biographer, Clarence Brown, and the poet W. S. Merwin.

For the sake of the future's trumpeting heroics,
for that exalted tribe,
I was robbed of my cup at my fathers' feast
and of my laughter and honor.

The wolfhound age springs at my shoulders
though I'm no wolf by blood.
Better to be stuffed up a sleeve like a
fleece cap
in a fur coat from the steppes of Siberia,
and so not see the snivelling, nor the
sickly smears,
nor the bloody bones on the wheel,
so all night the blue foxes would
still gleam
for me as they did in the first times.

Lead me into the night by the Yenesey
where the pine touches the star.
I'm no wolf by blood,
and only my own kind will kill me.

17-28 March 1931

No, it's not for me to duck out of the mess
behind the cabdriver's back that's Moscow.
I'm the cherry swinging from the
streetcar strap
of an evil time. What am I doing alive?

We'll take Streetcar A and then Streetcar B,
you and I, to see who dies first. As for
Moscow,
one minute she's a crouched sparrow,
the next she's puffed up like a pastry—

how does she find time to threaten
from holes?
You do as you please, I won't chance it.
My glove's not warm enough for the drive
around the whole whore Moscow.

April 1931

TO THE GERMAN LANGUAGE

Destroying myself, contradicting myself,
like the moth flying into the midnight flame,
suddenly all that binds me to our language
tempts me to leave it.

What is there between us? Praise without
flattery.
Unfeigned friendship, face to face.
Let an alien family, to our west,
teach us seriousness and honor.

Poetry, you put storms to good use.
I remember a German officer,
his sword hilt wrapped with roses
and Ceres on his lips.

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Already, in Frankfurt, the fathers were yawning,
and no one had yet heard of Goethe,
they were writing hymns, stallions were prancing
in their places, like letters of the alphabet.

Friends, tell me, in what Valhalla
did we crack nuts together, you and I?
What freedom was ours to spend as we pleased,
what landmarks did you leave for me?

And we ran straight from the first-rate newness
of a page of an almanac
down shallow steps, unafraid, into the grave,
as into a cellar to draw a jug of Moselle.

An alien language will be my swaddling clothes.
Long before I dared to be born
I was a letter of the alphabet, a verse like a vine,
I was the book that you all see in dreams.

When I was asleep and without feature
friendship woke me like a shot.
Nightingale-god, let Pylades' fate be mine,
or tear my tongue out, for it's no use to me.

Nightingale-god, I'm being conscripted still
for new plagues, for seven-year massacres.
Sound has shrivelled, words are hoarse and rebellious,
but you're alive still, and with you I'm at peace.

8-12 August 1932

Our lives no longer feel ground under them.
At ten paces you can't hear our words.

But whenever there's a snatch of talk
it turns to the Kremlin mountaineer,

the ten thick worms his fingers
his words like measures of weight,

the huge laughing cockroaches on his top lip,
the glitter of his boot-rims.

Ringed with a scum of chicken-necked bosses
he toys with the tributes of half-men.

One whistles, another meouws, a third snivels.
He pokes out his finger and he alone goes boom.

He forges decrees in a line like horseshoes,
One for the groin, one the forehead, temple, eye.

He rolls the executions on his tongue like berries.
He wishes he could hug them like big friends from home.

[November 1933]

This poem was the occasion of Mandelstam's first arrest (1934).

As a stream falls from a single crack in a glacier
and its taste has two faces, one forward
one backward, and one is sweet and one hard,

so I die for the last time through each moment of these days,
and one way the old sighing frees me no longer,
and the other way the goal can no longer be seen.

Moscow. December 1933

You took away all the oceans and all the room.
You gave me my shoe-size in earth with bars around it.
Where did it get you? Nowhere.
You left me my lips, and they shape words, even in silence.

Voronezh [1935]

Once a line of verse, in disgrace, father unknown,
fell from the sky like a stone, waking the earth somewhere.
No supplication can alter the poet's invention.
It can only be what it is. No one will judge it.

Voronezh. 20 January 1937

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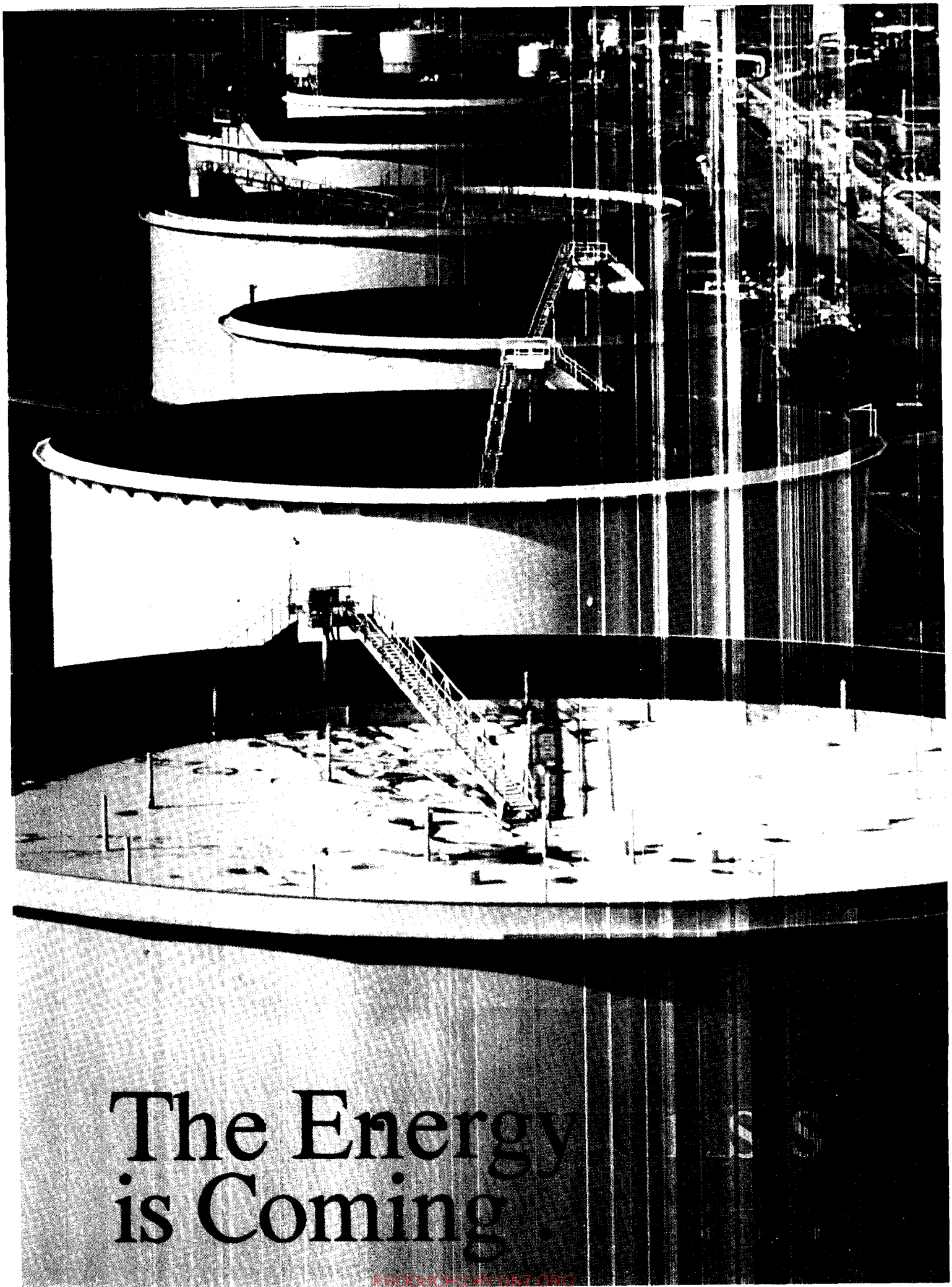

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. . .in about 200 years, but watch what happens in the meantime

If there ever was an energy crisis, it's over now. In an era of food "crisis," housing "crisis," water "crisis," crime-in-the-street "crisis," and Watergate, one might have suspected that this, the Fourth Annual Great American Energy Crisis, would have been viewed more circumspectly. In each of the three preceding, industry-sponsored performances, the drama had ended happily, despite predictions of disaster. This time, however, the unexpected entry of new players from the Middle East seemed to alter the play's traditional close.

But illusion is the basis of drama, and among the shrewder critics of world-political theater, there are growing voices that claim that the performance will close just as the rest did, with one monumental exception: the giant American oil companies and their European partners will be counting the biggest gate in their history, and happily recording 1973 as the year the rubes finally lost their shirts. Even after their Arab super-stars have taken a hefty percentage, Big Oil is going to rank last year as the best in its long history, even measured against a half-century of profitable triumphs.

As told by the oil companies and the Nixon Administration the Crisis is indeed awesome: hapless America, big, rich, devouring goods and services as fast as they are produced, is being hoisted on its petard of consumption by a tiny cabal of oil-rich sheikdoms. Faced with stalled cars, cold homes, closed schools and faltering industry, we can't solve the crisis the way we used to, with gunboats and Marines, because the sheiks have threatened to blow the wells. All we can do is accede, and deal with the consequences.

Actually, so this story goes, the dark cloud of "Arab blackmail" has a silver lining, because it will force us to become self-sufficient, drilling more wells at home, opening up Alaska and offshore sites, and pushing to develop alternatives like oil shale, coal, gas, and uranium. The tale even has a moral twist to it, since it appeals to older American virtues like frugality—dim those lights, slow those cars, use carpools, ride bikes. In all, buttressed by seemingly incontrovertible numbers, the tale seems unexceptionable.

And yet, when the numbers are looked at closely, when the politics and the players are measured for what they are, it becomes clear that what is happening today is not an energy crisis, but an industry crisis. The industry is Big Oil, and the crisis is one of threatened profits; and for those behemoth corporations, the solution is already in hand. To be sure, someday there will be an energy crisis, but that is down the road, and the solutions can be vastly different from those that are proposed. Meanwhile, the industry crisis and the profits to be reaped from its "solution" stand to make the old railroad Robber Barons look like small-time stick-up artists.

[1969 WAS A VERY BAD YEAR]

For those interested enough to hear what the industry crisis is about, and how it became The Energy Crisis, begin not with last year, but the year 1969. Most of the country in 1969 was still worried about Vietnam and waiting to see what the newly-elected Richard Nixon would do about it. Chicago still lingered in everyone's mind; Cambodia and Kent State had yet to cast their dark shadows.

But in the board rooms of Big Oil in Texas and New York, attention was already turning elsewhere. By all rights, 1969 should have been a happy time for this group of men, following as it did on perhaps the most profitable decade in petroleum history: but instead, as a *New York Times* article was to describe it, 1969 turned out to be "the year the petroleum industry wishes never happened." An industry spokesman called it "the worst year since Teapot Dome."

What happened, in rapid-fire succession, was this:

- First, Union Oil's Platform A blew open in the Santa Barbara Channel, spilling hundreds of thousands of barrels of oil, and causing an estimated $10-20 million in damage. The public outcry was so enormous, and came from so many quarters, that Secretary of the Interior Hickel placed a ban on future drilling, and, for a time, seemed to be considering the removal of existing off-shore rigs.
- Under increasing pressure from powerful senators such as Kennedy and Muskie, it became increasingly likely that Machiasport, Maine would be declared a "duty free" port, so that cheap Middle Eastern crude could slip by the oil import quotas to alleviate a shortage of heating oil in the New England area.
- Environmentalists, aroused by the Santa Barbara oil spill, launched a series of massive suits designed to halt construction of the 800-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline until oil companies could guarantee there would be no more ecological disasters.
- The Federal Trade Commission, ordering Standard Oil to cease-and-desist its promotion of "F-310" additive as "false and misleading," hinted that this was the beginning of an industry-wide investigation of advertising practices.
- Then, in what proved to be crowning blows, first the Presidential committee studying oil import quotas,* recom-

*** Oil import quotas were a device created in 1959, when the overabundance of Middle Eastern crude threatened the stability of higher domestic prices, and the companies were unable to reach agreement among themselves. Congress, despite the leadership of Sam Rayburn in the House and Lyndon Johnson in the Senate, refused to legislate a quota system; so Eisenhower, claiming the needs of "national security," instituted one by executive order. His chief adviser on the subject was Texan Robert Anderson, the Secretary of the Treasury. To mollify companies with large foreign crude supplies, who disliked the quota idea, the profit differential was given to U.S. refineries, thereby spreading to everyone the windfall profits brought by the quota.**

by Richard Parker

Photograph on preceding page by Daniel Hunter

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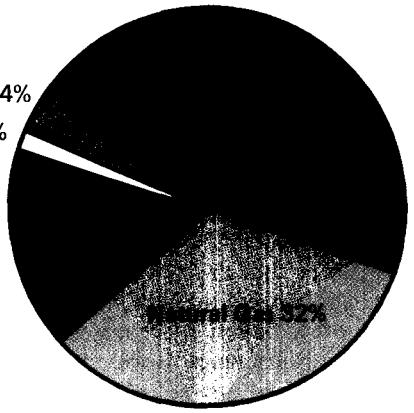
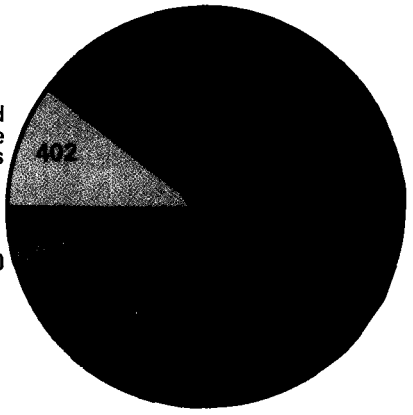
ENERGY AND OIL: IS THERE A SHORTAGE?

1. WHERE DOES THE U.S. GET ITS ENERGY?



(1972)

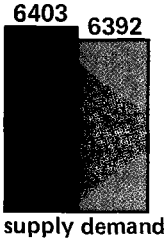
2. ARE WE RUNNING OUT OF OIL RESOURCES?



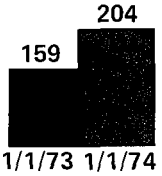
Estimated total U.S. oil resources
(not including oil shale or tar sands)
(in billions of barrels)

Total resources 2830 billion barrels
Total U.S. demand, 1973: 6.5 billion barrels.

3. ARE CURRENT OIL SUPPLIES REALLY LOW?



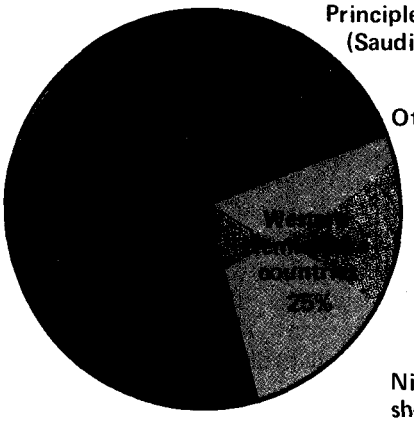
millions of barrels
(1 barrel = 42 gallons)



U.S. Oil Supply and Demand
All 1973 (preliminary)

Home Heating Oil Stocks–
This year versus last

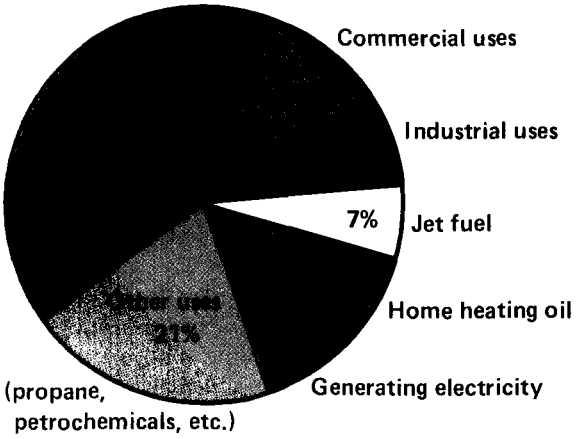
4. DO WE DEPEND ON ARAB OIL?



(U.S. sources of oil, 1972)

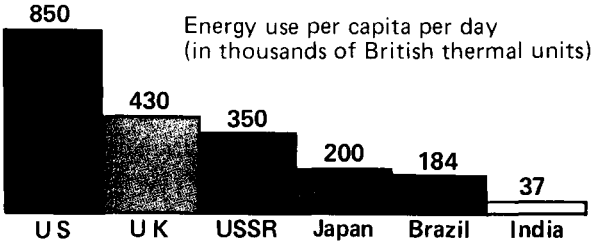
Nixon estimate of shortfall due to Arab embargo–20%

5. HOW DO WE USE OUR OIL?



6. DO WE USE TOO MUCH ENERGY?

Energy use per capita per day
(in thousands of British thermal units)



The world uses 50 million barrels of oil a day, of which the U.S. gets about 35%.
We have 6% of the world's population.

Sources:
1. US Department of Interior
2. US Bureau of Mines/Oil and Gas Journal
3. San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle/Wall Street Journal
4. American Petroleum Institute
5. San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle
6. Scientific American

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mended their removal, and then Congress, in an attack upon Oil's Holiest of Holies, concluded four *decades* of debate, by cutting the oil depletion allowance from 27½ percent to 22 percent. To the industry, the days of Teapot Dome must have looked, by comparison, almost idyllic.

There were, along the way, some revealing insights into the politics of oil. Unknown to the public, for example, Interior Secretary Hickle spent a relaxing week at Bohemian Grove, Northern California's exclusive redwood-encircled resort, as the guest of Union Oil President Fred Hartley. No one has recounted what the two spent their leisure time discussing, but at least existing offshore leases weren't disturbed in Hickle's later proclamation, even if new ones (as it turned out, temporarily) were. Soon after, when the Presidential Task Force on Oil Import Quotas, headed by Secretary of the Treasury George Schultz, turned in its recommendation that the quotas (costing American consumers between $4 and $7 billion a year in excessive prices) be rescinded, the White House decided a study of the study was needed, and a new task force was formed. The only change in the task force, however, was the removal of Schultz, a doctrinaire free-trader from the University of Chicago, and his replacement by John Mitchell, a man better acquainted with non-textbook economics (and who had previously warned Schultz that he should "not box the President in" on the quota question). The second study arrived at more amenable conclusions.*

But for the oil industry, the damage seemingly was done. Oil spokesmen expressed, if not exactly panic, at least a deep sense of anxiety and foreboding, a sense that had not appeared in the oak-paneled board rooms of Big Oil for a very long time.

[. . . AND A VERY GOOD YEAR]

It is a little hard to understand now—or then—why Oil should have been worried. Oil had everything going for it, and little, even when the annoyances of 1969 are added up, against it. World demand for petroleum was at an all-time high, and rising. U.S. energy needs alone had more than doubled in the last 20 years, and the role of petroleum had steadily increased—together with natural gas supplying 70 percent of domestic energy requirements by 1965. Add to that the demands of Western Europe and Japan, whose own energy needs had risen even faster (and who lacked America's domestic supplies), and the picture for oil should have appeared bright indeed.

Moreover, though it should hardly come as a shock, the oil industry hasn't changed much since the days before World War I, when Standard Oil was originally broken up. For all of the government's ingenuous attempts at trust-busting, the oil industry has rebounded each time like a bent blade of grass. The top eight companies, for example, account for 64 percent of known reserves, 51 percent of production, 58 percent of the refining, and 55 percent of the marketing in the United States. The top 20 account for 94 percent of the crude reserves, 70 percent of production, 86 percent of the refining, and 79 percent of the sales. Hardly an object lesson in competitive free enterprise.

But apparently what seems a preeminently dominant position hasn't satisfied the majors. Throughout the '60s, most of the big companies were actively engaged in campaigns to further consolidate their hold on black gold in the U.S.

First, the majors spent a good deal of time and money shutting out the independents who had, against all odds, been able to survive on the periphery of the market. On all levels—from well-head to gas pump—the smaller producers, refiners, and marketers lost market shares during the Sixties. One very illuminating result was that when the first crunch of the "crisis" came early last year, 1,200 gas stations had to shut down for lack of anything to sell—and all but a handful were the tiny independents.

The other direction the majors took in the early Sixties was towards insurance. It was obvious to them that demand for all fuels, not just petroleum, was going to boom. Hence the majors led the way in the vast diversification goldrush. Instead of conglomerating into frozen foods or leisure resorts, however, oil shrewdly decided—with a "If you can't beat 'em, buy 'em" philosophy—to acquire competing energy resources. Exxon proceeded to purchase the largest coal reserves in the country, 7 billion tons worth. Occidental bought out Island Creek Coal, the nation's third biggest coal company. Atlantic-Richfield became the second largest holder of federal coal leases, with 43 million coal acres. By the time the dust settled, the top 15 oil companies owned 53% of U.S. coal production, and, through a maze of subsidiaries and agreements, put their actual control of the commercial market closer to two thirds.

And what applies to coal, applies also to uranium, the once-bright star of the energy future. As of 1970, 18 of the top 25 petroleum companies had interests in at least one phase of the mining and processing of uranium. Oil companies, as far as can be determined (given the complexity of some of the companies' corporate structures) account for 40 percent of total milling capacity and 45 percent of all known reserves. The key stages in refining are dominated by two oil giants, ARCO and Kerr-McGee, while Exxon, Gulf and Getty hold substantial interests of their own. Gulf and Shell, as partners, now are the third largest contractor for nuclear reactors in the world.

And as a final form of insurance against any disruption of profits or production, the majors decided during the decade to do a little reorganization among themselves. Standard of Kentucky, a marketer without crude oil or refineries, merged with Standard of California, which had both, but lacked markets in the East; Pure Oil, a strong refiner and marketer, but short of crude, merged with crude-rich Union; Atlantic Refining, another strong crude producer, joined with Richfield and Sinclair, both of which had been relatively weak in crude capacity (thereby, incidentally, creating the newest member of the Big Eight).

All in all, then, it seemed that the fears of the majors were a bit exaggerated as 1969 came to a close. Thanks to John Mitchell, oil import quotas were holding; Machiasport, Maine, for the threat it represented, was still tied up in

(*Continued on page 41*)

*** Mitchell's performance had a delightfully revealing precedent in the Kennedy Administration. When hostile critics queried Kennedy's Treasury Secreatry, Douglas Dillon, about the new Administration's attitude toward oil depletion allowances. Dillon replied "We have studied that matter at some length. We probably have not studied it enough. I do not know how to study it enough."**

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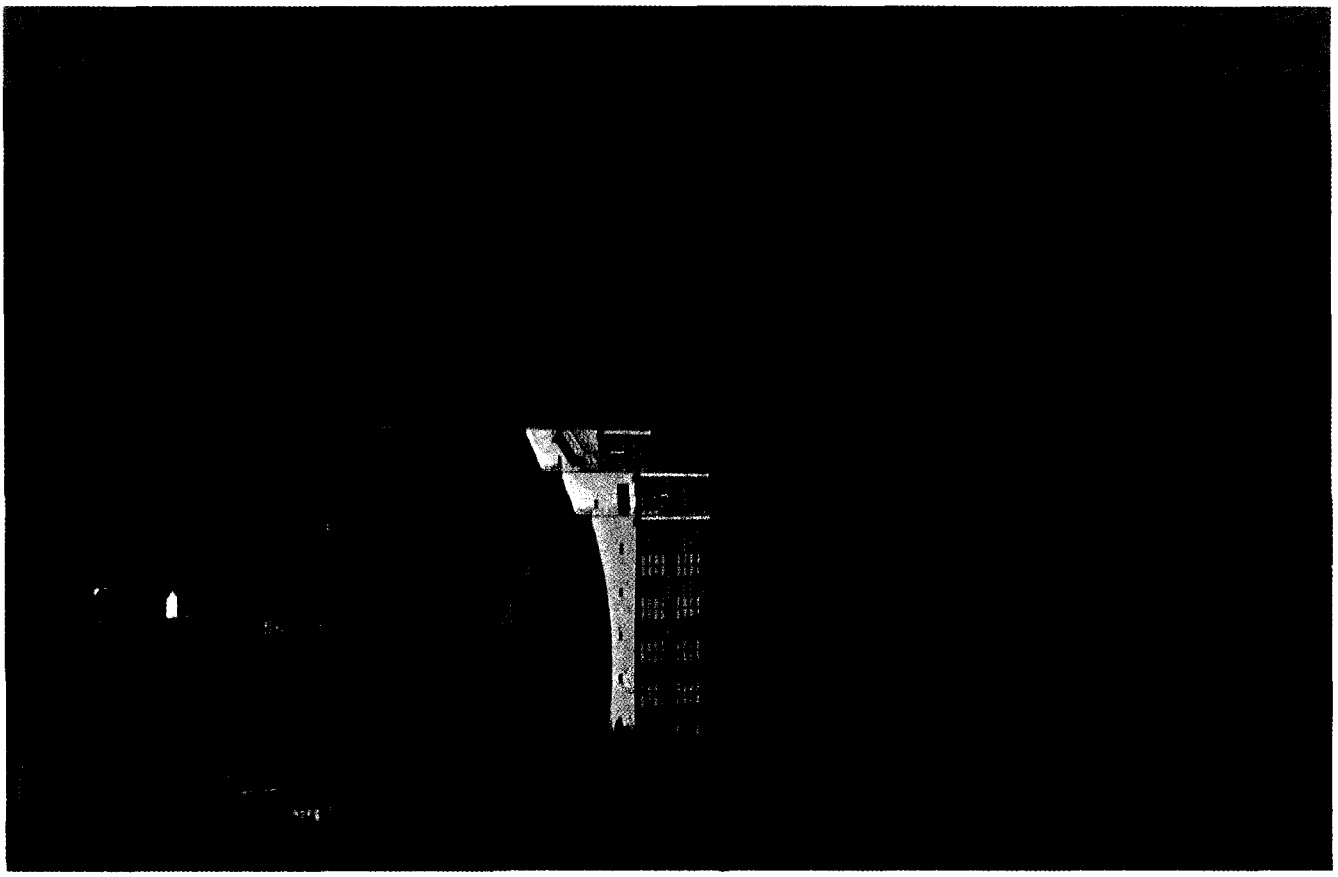
Alternate Energy:



Martine Franck/Woodfin Camp

Here Comes the Sun

Public life is a situation of power and energy.
—Edmund Burke

Whether it is deep underground as fossilized vegetable matter turned liquid, stored as water behind a dam or a rock balanced atop a cliff, prodigally spread as sunlight- energy is energy. Large corporations would have you believe that they manufacture energy as a cobbler manufactures shoes. It is not so. They spend a small amount of effort either releasing it or changing its form, and a great deal of effort moving it around and selling it.

Since most electricity is produced by burning fossil fuels, most of the energy we use comes from petroleum, and (as "ecology types" have been screaming for years, despite the current effort magically to blame the whole thing on them) there is only so much petroleum. In fact, there is enough, at current rates of use, for the next two or three hundred years; but politics has temporarily brought a shortage, real or contrived, to America, and suddenly alternatives are chic.

Most chic, because most favored by those who command attention, is another finite mineral, uranium. When we say "nuclear power," most of us refer to the energy derived from the fission of large elements, particularly uranium (sometimes thorium). This is the subject for an article in itself, but most of what needs to be said is already well known. There are safety problems of a high order, although the most positive claims on both sides are little more than guesses. There are pollution problems, including that of "thermal pollution" (putting hot water back where you got cold water—hard on the ecosystem). There is argument about whether the "breeder" reactor, on which our government has spent a billion dollars and will eventually spend three or four billion, is necessary. The "breeder" eats uranium, as nuclear fuel, and spits out another nuclear fuel, plutonium—in even greater quantity. Hence, no shortage. But there is an enormous waste problem (as, indeed, there is already with only 34 "conventional" uranium plants), and plutonium is far more dangerous in itself than uranium.

Most government research into "alternatives" goes into nuclear fission reactors, a fact which evokes some other, political, facts. In 1970, more than 31 percent of the surface drilling of uranium in the United States was done by oil companies. The largest single uranium producer is Kerr-McGee Oil Co.; 45 percent of our uranium reserves are owned by 18 oil companies. This is not, in other words, an "alternative" that worries them much.

Solar Furnace—Odeillo, Pyrenees, France

by Gene Marine

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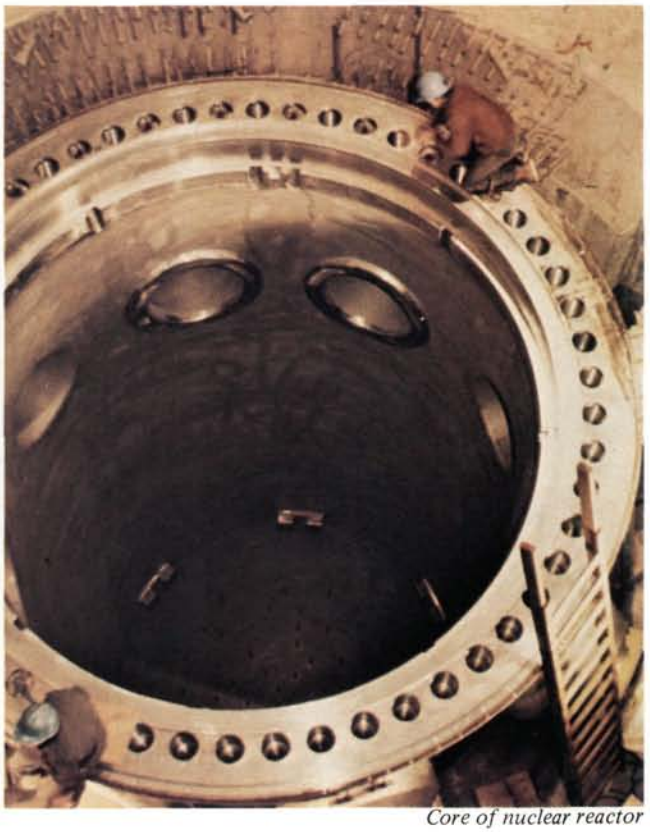
Nuclear reactor–Diablo, California



Core of nuclear reactor

There are, however, others to consider:

• **Nuclear fusion**: A theory as yet; it works in hydrogen bombs, but not in reactors. "Our research," says the head of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Livermore, Calif., "hasn't yet demonstrated scientific feasibility." Anything else you read is optimistic, if educated, guesswork.

Should it become feasible, it would mean cheap fuel: heavy isotopes of hydrogen, readily available in quantity in the world's oceans. The waste problem would be relatively small, though still existing, and there would be somewhat less danger from radioactivity, though still some.

There is a variation, originating in Russia but now under study at Livermore, involving lasers. "Heavy hydrogen," as those isotopes are called, is frozen into pellets, which are dropped into a vacuum and subjected to laser beams. This knocks off the outer hydrogen atoms and bounces them around until they come back, hit the pellets, and (maybe) start the fusion reaction. The resultant heat transfers to a liquid "blanket" around the chamber, which in turn heats water to steam.

Livermore is spending $20 million just to start looking at laser fusion. Whether this or any other fusion system ever works, it won't turn on any light bulbs in your house until well after 2000 in any case.

• **Coal gasification**: Above ground, this is old hat; Lenin even tried it. You burn coal slowly under pressure, and you get methane gas. Eleven billion dollars are going into some plants to do this in North Dakota; they're going to get the coal from strip mines, and you know about strip mines.

What is new (so new it's still a theory) is burning the coal without mining it. This would make a lot of coal usable that is not usable otherwise (meaning that it would cost too much to get at it). The Bureau of Mines says that there's enough coal available for "in-situ gasification," to equal 90 times today's known American gas reserves. That's enough for 300 years of use at today's rate.

You dig holes 400 or 2000 feet deep, wherever the coal is, and toss down some giant firecrackers to shatter it. When the coal is broken up, oxygen and water are piped down (purity of the water doesn't matter), and the coal is ignited. Theoretically, the top of the coal bed will begin to burn, the water will turn to steam, and the whole chemical process will yield methane. What we call "natural gas" is methane with a little propane and butane that makes it more efficient, but methane alone will do fine, especially when we've run out of natural gas.

The wastes are usable or disposable, depending on how much money we want to spend; there is no great danger from them. The most spectacular ecological problem is that the land is likely to sink, perhaps as much as 200 feet. And, of course, it's all theoretical anyway; nobody has ever turned a single lump of underground coal into methane.

Also theoretically, one might get synthetic crude oil or even gasoline out of this process, which may be why Rep. Silvio Conte (R., Mass.) accused oil companies not long ago of "a very serious anticompetitive effect in slowing down research and development into methods of converting coal into pipeline quality gas." But like uranium, coal belongs pretty much to oil companies anyway: 12 percent of the coal produced today comes from Consolidation Coal, which is owned by Continental Oil. Another 11 percent comes from three companies owned respectively by Occidental, Gulf and Standard of Ohio. And so on.

Photos courtesy of PG&E

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• **Geothermal power**: By 1993 we could have 400 million kilowatts of electrical energy generated in the United States by this one method. So, anyway, claims one exponent; and that is more electricity than is now produced by all methods combined. Not only that: it's relatively "clean," and it would be cheap.

Maybe. The largest field is in California, at "The Geysers," and while The Pacific Gas & Electric Co. distributes the power, the developers are Signal Oil Co. and a consortium headed by Union Oil. Back to the oligopoly. The Geysers is expected, when fully developed, to produce at least a million kilowatts (about the same as a very large nuclear fission plant) and possibly as much as four million. There are also operating plants in Mexico, Italy and New Zealand; but of course there aren't enough geysers to produce a lot of electricity compared to the world's use of that magical and invisible juice.

Lest we forget, however, in the midst of today's newspaper confusion, "energy" and "heat" are for all practical purposes synonymous; and geysers exist because the closer you get to the center of the planet, the hotter it is. There are other ways to tap that heat.

There are hot brines down there in a lot of places. Bring them to the surface, and you've got it. In some places, brine will come up at somewhere between 300 and 450 degrees. You run it alongside some other liquid with a low boiling point, the second liquid turns into steam, and there's a whirling turbine. At the moment, unfortunately, the experimental second liquid is isobutane, a petroleum product; but that is a technological problem that will be overcome.

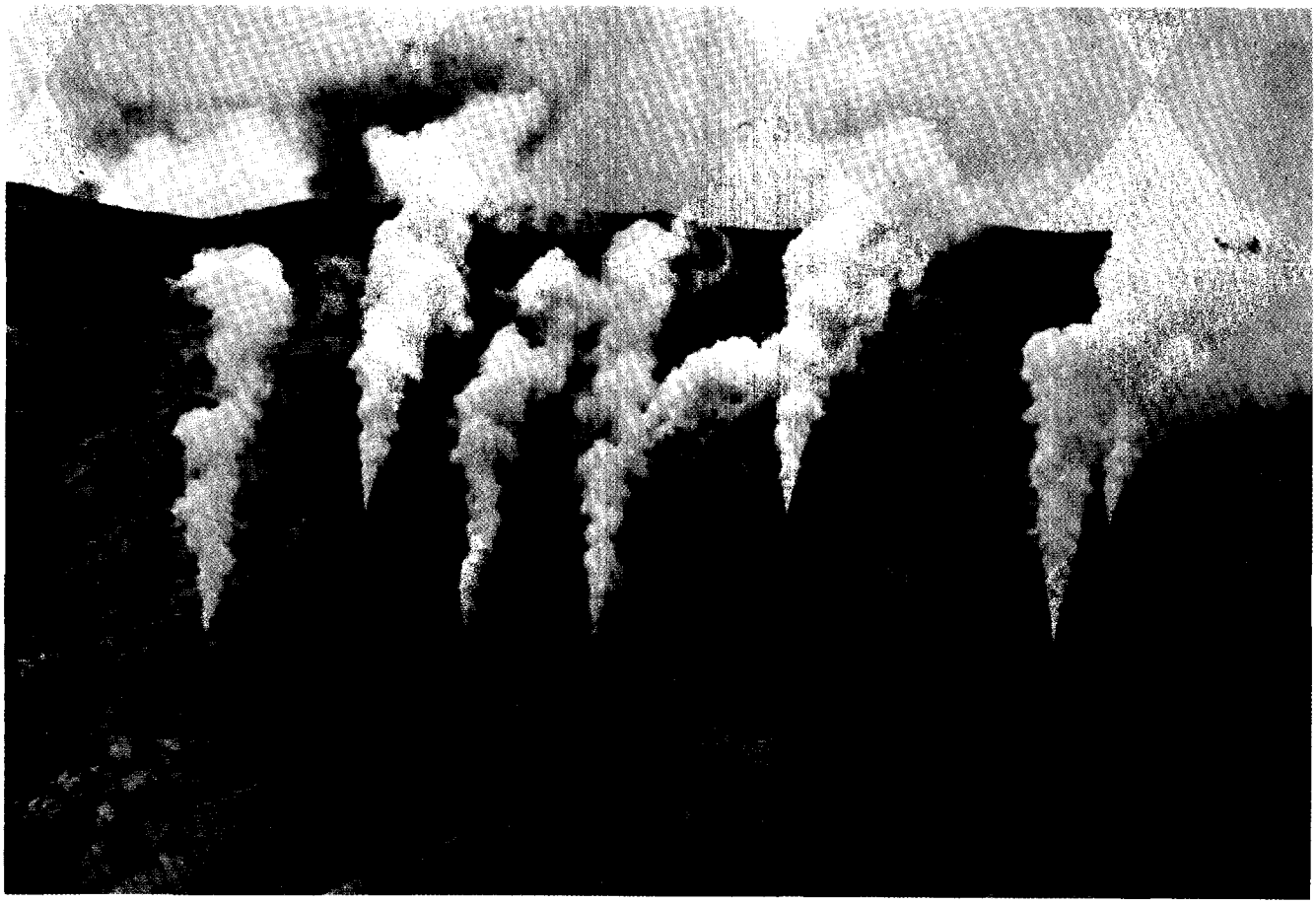
In some other places there are brines which, it is believed, will come out of the ground under their own pressure (rather like geysers) and turn turbines directly. The problem is that the brine, unlike the clean, dry, superheated natural geysers, is highly corrosive and full of minerals; it wrecks your machinery. Mexicans at Cerro Prieto have figured out a way to separate some steam away from the more corrosive brine; the brine and the steam (condensed into water) then flow away separately to sink back into the earth at some distance from the plant. Using the brine directly, however, without the separation process, would increase the plant's efficiency by about 70 percent.

Then there is hot, dry rock, about 7500 feet down. You drill two holes, and pump high-pressure water down one of them. This is supposed to fracture a crack in the rock, whose temperature is about 600 degrees. The water goes through the crack and comes up the other hole as steam. You run the same water around and around, and a fraction of the energy generated (or, more accurately, tapped) will run the pump. Keep it up and new hunks of rock will be fractured, so that you go on for years.

If it works. Geothermal power in your backyard, unless you have a geyser on your property, just can't be done. Of course, if you have enough money to drill two 7500-foot holes and build a generating plant on top.

• **Solar power**: You stick something out in the sun and let it get hot. All you need after that is some very high-powered technology.

The Geysers, California



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Don't count on a satellite. Never mind the energy it would take just to construct a 25,000-ton space station and put it into orbit 22,500 miles up (outside the atmosphere, you see). It would carry two six-square-mile panels, a bunch of silicon cells, and a half-mile-wide antenna for microwaving the resultant electricity back to earth. It would be equivalent to perhaps ten nuclear plants, and the electricity, as of right now, would cost about five times as much. Hardly worth it, remembering the energy it would take to bring it into existence.

Think of solar power and you think of mirrors, but they aren't necessary. Just pipes, containing maybe liquid sodium in circulation, the outsides of the pipes coated with chemicals that will absorb heat while emitting little. On a small scale, it's been done. The hot sodium is put alongside some water, turning it to steam; it works on hazy days, too.

Two Arizona scientists want to build such a system covering a desert acre; cost, $4 million. They say that they could meet the entire projected energy demand of America in the year 2000 if they could do the same thing over 13,000 square miles. That's an awfully large chunk of delicate desert. Still: There's a coal-burning plant on Navajo land at Four Corners, a vicious polluter that everybody hates. It will produce a million kilowatts of electricity, at the cost of strip-mining 40 square miles of land over 30 years. A liquid-sodium solar plant covering 40 square miles will produce almost exactly the same amount of electricity, and won't pollute the air. It all depends on how you want to put the priorities together—and, of course, on who makes the profit.

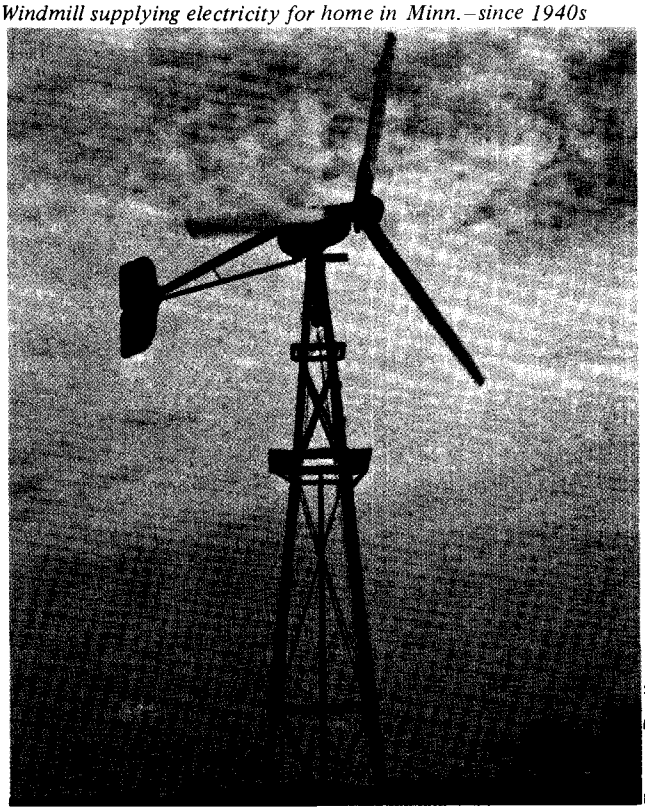
Solar collectors work in the daytime, which makes a storage problem. If you have a car, you know about storage batteries; but the amount of electricity most of us use in one building in one night, even if we turn out our lights a lot, can't economically be stored in batteries during the day. Heat as we usually think of it (in the form of a hot gas, like air, or a hot liquid) is particularly hard to store; it leaks. We can retain it for a time (as in a Thermos bottle, or a well-insulated house), but entropy is against us. The use of a metal such as sodium, or of a dialetric compound such as potassium nitrate, is beyond the understanding or the resources of most of us.

The trick with solar power, for smaller uses, seems to be to use it for what it can do easily and cheaply, in combination with other energy sources, or to combine wealth in a small way (as in the construction of a good-sized apartment house or a rural commune) so that more sophisticated uses become possible. A small house can be kept warm in winter and cool in summer by putting on the roof the equivalent of a house-wide bottle of water, with panels to block out the sun in the hottest weather and to retain the heat at night. It won't light your lights or heat your canned chili, but with careful design it will replace your heating system.

Until we have a cheap way to store (in some form) the energy we can capture from the sun on an individual or small-group basis, that's about all solar energy is good for: partial use in combination with energy from other sources. But that can be a lot. For large-scale use, we have the technology (liquid-sodium is just one method) but need research to bring costs down.

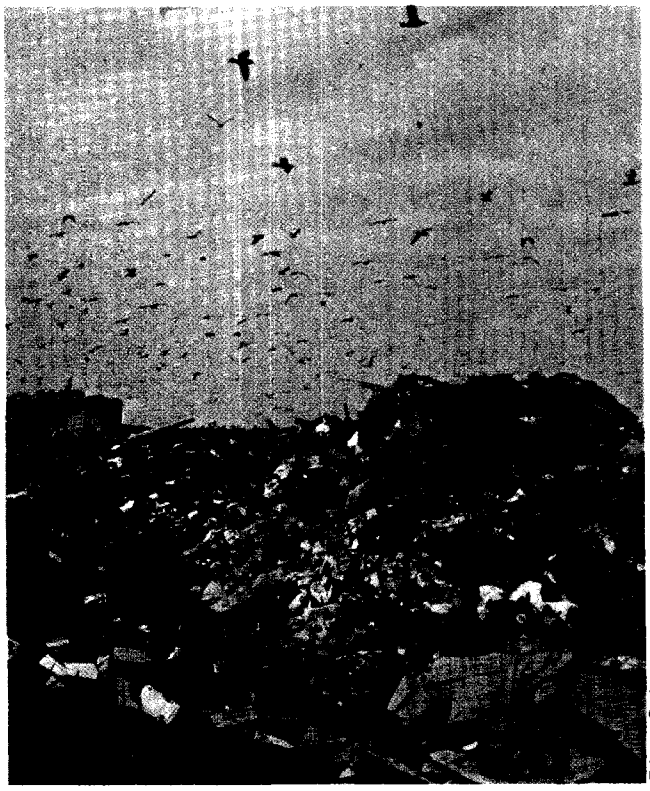
• **Tidal and wind power**: In a smaller way, these are like solar power. A lot of people say that you can't generate enough power that way, with present technology, for it to make any difference. The real question is, What is "any difference"? I've been on a small island when a hand-

Windmill supplying electricity for home in Minn.—since 1940s



Eugene Eccli

The Berkeley Dump



Diane Coleman

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cranked generator was the difference between living and dying. Wind power will not replace our present energy sources as a way to run an industrial nation; but it can mean having your stereo instead of a hand-cranked gramophone, and continuing to use an electric typewriter, if things get short otherwise. Large-scale use of tidal power would lead to the uglies along our shorelines, but there are places where limited facilities could be built with present technology and with some impact.

Again: It takes energy to produce energy. If you think of a metal windmill, there is the energy needed to mine the metal, to refine it, to shape it, to ship it (plus the energy needed to produce the means whereby it is mined, refined, shaped and shipped). There is the energy needed to construct it. If that seems obvious, forgive me, but particularly when we speak of individual means, it is a fact much overlooked. The "ecology-minded" dweller in a rural commune who gleefully buys sheets of polyethylene to cover his aluminum-tubing geodesic dome is overlooking it. The trick here, of course, is to use something produced (and already used) for some other purpose. That's energy you can't put back anyway.

• **Garbage**: Garbage being unglamorous, nobody spends much money on research about it, which is too bad. I have clippings on at least two dozen processes for using it as an energy source. Here's one (that takes energy for running hammermills, but in the long run could be worth it).

The garbage is pounded into four-inch chunks and run over a magnet, which takes out ferrous metals. It's then pounded into tiny particles, and an air blast separates them by weight. Dirt and glass are taken out; the rest is pressed into burnable pellets.

Overall, the system recovers 95 percent of the garbage, with an overall 60 percent going into the pellets. The other 35 percent is reusable material, and is sold as such. The pellets (at today's figures; there is a plant that really does this) sell for less than half the price of coal, and burn with slightly more than half the heat energy of coal. Transportation costs would run it up a little, but we wouldn't have to fill holes with 95 percent of our garbage.

• **Waste hot water**: There is a metal called nitinol, that can be bent out of shape but that, when heated, springs back (when allowed to cool, it resumes its bent shape). You bend strips of nitinol along the spokes of a wheel, and lower the wheel, flat, into a round tank. The tank is divided down the middle, and has cold water on one side. Through the other side you run hot water—waste from a nuclear plant or just the hot water that goes down your drain.

When the hot water hits the wheel, the nitinol strips on that side straighten out, exerting a rotating force on the wheel. The wheel spins. When the straightened strip hits the cold water, it bends again. When it hits the hot water again, it straightens again. Around and around we go, and as we all know, that's energy. An experimental 20-inch wheel has kept a small light bulb burning.

There are other, and more obvious, ways to make at least some use of hot water, especially in industry.

• **Shit power**: Anaerobic bacteria go to work and out comes methane; a guy in Britain has been running a Hillman on chickenshit since 1955. If you've ever gone by a sewage plant, in fact, you may have seen flames burning off waste gas; that's the methane from (mostly human) waste.

You get a tank (say, for your house, a 55-gallon drum). Ideally, you use a "low water" toilet and a garbage disposal (big energy user), and you feed them both into the tank instead of into the sewer. Prime the tank—airtight, of course—with a little chicken manure. From the tank you run a pipe to another airtight tank, which serves as a storage reservoir. Methane rises off the contents of the first tank and goes into the second (rig it so that in the reservoir it's under a little pressure). From the reservoir you run a pipe to your gas stove, or your water heater.

If there are only two of you, it'll run your heater, or give you minimal use of your stove. Needless to say, the principle is adaptable to larger uses. Also needless to say, oil companies and utilities don't like to talk about this too much. It's too easy.

* * *

I will eschew such esoterica as the theoretical use of carbon monoxide as a combustible, attempts to refine electrolysis so that hydrogen can be economically claimed from the ocean as fuel, and the adaptation of the principle of photosynthesis to the construction of pigmented semiconductors. They will not help us, at the moment.

Some of the others—solar power, wind power, the power of running water where it is nearby, and the utilization of animal waste—can help us. We need only a little more technological advancement, to bring them within our reach both financially and in terms of understanding.

But: In September 1973, Dixie Lee Ray, chairperson of the Atomic Energy Commission, said that the government plans to spend $50 million during the current fiscal year on new ways to exploit coal, and another $50 million—*total*—on research in solar power, geothermal power, hydrogen fuels and better ways to transmit electricity.

They are spending $20 million at Livermore on laser fusion alone. We have spent a billion on breeder reactors. They are spending $11 billion on North Dakota gasification plants dependent on strip mines. For one-eleventh of that (so say all authorities) we could make solar power readily available to the many, on both a large and a small scale. But we will not spend that.

The oil companies (with their coal and uranium subsidiaries) and the utility companies do not want the research money spent that way, and so it won't be. We will not only have less energy to use (and perhaps most of us could live well enough with that), but we will pay much more for what we do use.

Throughout this "energy crisis," public discussion is being conducted as though energy *must* come to us from some large central source—as it does now in the three forms in which we know it best. Yet even with today's technology, it may be just as efficient and far cheaper for an apartment building, or a small group of homes, to provide for itself the energy it needs through a combination of simple methods. For a small town with an imaginative citizenry, able wisely to measure immediate against long-range cost, it would be a cinch.

Gene Marine is author of America the Raped *(Avon) and* A Male Guide to Women's Liberation *(Holt).*

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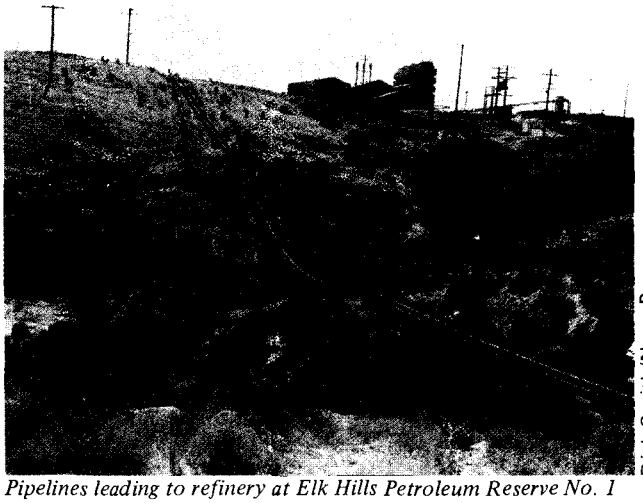
Elk Hills: The Return of Teapot Dome



Dick Smith/News-Press

Pipelines leading to refinery at Elk Hills Petroleum Reserve No. 1

Long before Watergate made front pages across the country, bursting the bubble of Nixon's Great Mandate, a scandal called Teapot Dome made a shambles of Warren Harding's presidency. The script of that earlier scandal was basically an old-fashioned morality play with considerable pathos and a few tragic flourishes—depending on where you were sitting. The Secretary of the Interior in Harding's cabinet got caught with his pockets stuffed with oil money, while Sinclair Oil gleefully watched new wells coming in every day. Unfortunately for all concerned the land and the oil belonged to the government, because, by law, it was a Naval Petroleum Reserve. The cast of characters in today's version is somewhat larger, the disguises they wear more refined, but the plot remains much the same. The story goes something like this.

In 1912 the Taft Administration issued an executive order which set up Federal reserves of oil for use in case of national emergency, i.e., war. There are now four Federal Naval Petroleum Reserves: Teapot Dome, Wyoming; Buena Vista, California; the North Slope of Alaska; and Elk Hills, California. Teapot Dome, while instructive as a model of oil industry/government machinations, is really small game compared to Elk Hills and the North Slope. Elk Hills, located about 60 miles northeast of Santa Barbara, comprises 72 square miles of rolling hills containing 1,050 wells which, until recently, produced roughly 2,500 barrels daily for test and maintenance purposes. The potential reserves, according to estimates by the General Accounting Office, are a minimum of 1.3 billion barrels (possibly even as much as 10 billion) of low-sulfur, easily reached petroleum.

When the reserve at Elk Hills was first established, the government recognized prior private holdings in the area, including land and mineral rights owned by Standard of California (SoCal) and other oil companies. But in the 1940s, the Navy, in an attempt to regain much of the SoCal-owned land, precipitated a struggle which resulted in a government-imposed settlement. The upshot was a complicated legal arrangement known as the Unit Plan, which established that the Navy and SoCal would jointly operate the land. If commercial development came, both parties presumably would profit in proportion to their percentage of holdings, which in SoCal's case came to about 22 percent.

Last November, in his Emergency Energy Address, Nixon called for the official opening up of Elk Hills. Acting on the findings of the Secretary of the Navy, using the justification of national defense needs, Nixon estimated that in the not-too-distant future Elk Hills could produce 160,000 barrels of oil daily—approximately 8 percent of current shortages.

At present, SoCal and Shell hold three separate but overlapping contracts with the Navy for operations there. The original Unit Plan contract, entered into in June 1944 and amended in December 1948, contemplated that both the Navy and SoCal would eventually receive an amount of Elk Hills oil equal to the amount of oil underlying its land holdings, irrespective of well location. Similarly, each party was expected to pay its pro rata share of costs necessary to get the oil out of the ground.

However, the Navy took an extremely generous view of SoCal's responsibilities, rationalizing that, since it was not a time of war and because there was no guarantee of any immediate returns, it would be unfair to ask SoCal to pay its share. By some leap of faith, the Navy decided to foot the bill for all costs incurred by SoCal "currently" and to defer SoCal's obligation to pay its share until it actually received oil. The contract both allows SoCal to build up a deficit in costs and obligates them to wipe out the deficit by paying more than their share of costs when they actually start production. The deficit now stands at $10.5 million.

But the plot grows thicker. As consideration for its agreement to give the Navy control over production, SoCal has received some 25 million barrels of oil. This not only amounts to *more* than the Navy has received to date, but is also, SoCal admits, a percentage from the Reserve greater than SoCal's total percentage of oil in Elk Hills. Thus the production balance it now owes taxpayers is $13.5 million, for a grand debt total of $24 million. Ironically, if Elk Hills is opened up in the name of a national emergency other than war, which may soon be the case, SoCal could go to court, argue that the Navy unilaterally breached the contract, and seek forgiveness for the debt.

A second contract between the Navy and Shell, one of the eight major oil companies dominating the world energy scene, was signed in May 1970. Under the five-year agreement, Shell was to be the *sole* purchaser of the Navy's share of any production from the unitized area of Elk Hills, which at that time meant that Shell would only dispose of routine, relatively minor (2,200 bbls per day) test and maintenance production. But in fact there's a catch. The wording of the contract provides that Shell can legally claim *any and all* increased output from the reserves. Under the terms of the President's message and in bills introduced in Congress, whose approval is necessary to open the reserves, this indeed would have been the case. But Rep. John

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Moss of California blew the whistle.

There are several other catches to this boondoggle. Curiously, the Navy awarded Shell the contract by "lot." Of the three bids submitted, the first and smallest, Pima Refining, was immediately ruled out because it could not guarantee transport of the oil. (This is common treatment for the little guys in the oil industry, who lack the proper vertical integration or monopoly of resources.) Coincidentally, the other two, Shell and SoCal, submitted identical bids. The Navy maintains that it considered the possibility of collusion, but concluded that the bids "were not indicative per se of anything more than coincidence."

Kenneth Cory, chairman of California's Joint Committee on Public Domain, thinks otherwise. Cory's investigation has thus far yielded the possibility that Shell and SoCal conspired to deprive Californians of legitimate royalties on oil produced from state-owned lands; that they have cheated the people of California out of $1.27 for every barrel of oil extracted; and, because they dominate the market, that they are able to rig bidding.

In November 1971 the Navy entered into a third contract, this time with SoCal for the actual operation of Elk Hills. To give perspective, SoCal's sales for 1972 totaled almost $6 billion, with a net profit after taxes of $547 million. At the end of the third quarter of 1973, SoCal already had profits of $561 million, or an 80 percent leap over the equivalent period of the previous year.

Here then was SoCal, a company which already owned 20 percent of the land and oil within the Reserve, which had submitted an identical bid with Shell, and which now was being accused of conspiring to rig prices against the State of California. Yet the Navy saw nothing wrong in allowing this company to obtain the contract, valued at a minimum of some $10 billion (and rising in value as world oil prices grew ever higher), for actual operation of the most valuable oil resource in the lower 48 states.

The moral of the story might be that the oil industry has become much more sophisticated in getting what it wants. A report recently released by Representative Lee Aspin shows that the oil industry contributed over $5 million to Nixon's re-election in 1972, making it the biggest corporate contributor of them all. Notable contributors among Nixon's friends were David Packard, formerly Secretary of Defense and a member in good standing of the board of SoCal, who coughed up $50,000; and David Miller, also a board member of SoCal, who gave an equivalent sum.

All of this, however, is but a prelude to the bigger and better prize—Petroleum Reserve 4 on the North Slope of Alaska. Pet-4, as it is affectionately called, totally uninhabited except for an occasional small band of roving Eskimos and caribou, contains as much oil as all the rest of the United States' "proven reserves," at least 33 billion, and possibly as much as 100 billion, barrels.

Whether Moss and Cory, or even the Navy, will succeed in checking oil company incursions is unclear. But it *is* clear that the oil industry must be carefully watched, for it has consistently ignored the public interest and bent the laws to suit its grand designs. Teapot Dome is not just a passage in a history book, but continues to haunt us. And this time the stakes are enormous.

. . . and in the Mountains of Colorado

If I'd seen the depths of this problem," said John Love last November, "I would have stayed as governor of Colorado, developed our oil shale, seceded from the Union, and become the King Faisal of North America." The former Colorado governor and federal energy czar is not alone in seeing a welcome relief from the energy crunch beneath the good earth of his home state. It has been no secret that the world's largest oilfield exists in the 16,500-square-mile rectangle known as the Green River Formation: a field containing between 600 billion and 3 trillion barrels of oil. This is two or three times the reserves of the rest of the globe, and makes the holdings of Middle East sheikdoms goldfish-pond sized in comparison.

The only problem, in fact, has been the adjective that lay portentously in front of this oil—shale. For this is not another Oklahoma or even a North Slope where wildcatters can come in and crudely penetrate the ground and siphon off the oil. Shale oil is borne in dense organic rocks called marlstones. It must be extracted by mining and then heating the rocks to 900 degrees. The process of cooking out the shale oil has been too cumbersome and expensive for boom times of plentiful and relatively cheap supplies of crude. There has also been a natural reluctance to strip mine the Rockies and leave one of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the world a giant Appalachian moonscape pocked with tailings and slag. But the hysteria over restrictions in energy has killed off whatever remained of the environmental movement. In January the Interior Department leased the first tract of this fertile land, and the same companies which have successfully orchestrated the "energy crisis" for their own ends will begin production.

There is the same obfuscation about shale as about other aspects of the current talk of energy. Facts and figures from different sources hang in the charged air doing dizzying dogfights with each other. Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton has said that it will take eight years at minimum to get a viable shale industry going; while Harry Johnson, deputy coordinator of an Interior Department study commissioned last spring, has said that shale is "three years away." The oil industry says early shale production will be quite expensive; Interior says it will be "competitive at today's prices" (which may be the same thing).

What is clear is that even though the energy crisis has been making headlines only during the past two or three years, the oil industry has been long aware that the days of abundant crude were coming to an end. "The oil industry wants to avoid the mistakes of the railroads," says Richard J. Gonzalez, former chief economist with Exxon and now a Houston petroleum consultant. "The railroads thought their business was only hauling passengers and freight by rail. They forgot there were many other ways of doing this, such as airplanes. They weren't smart enough to realize

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they were really in the transportation business, and now they're close to bankruptcy."

With this precedent staring them in the face, the major oil companies, already the major natural gas producers, have been aggressively moving into other, possibly competitive, fuels. They have monopolized uranium deposits, looking forward to the day when the country becomes willing to accept a certain level of leukemia death and allows tract-construction of breeder reactors. The oil companies have sought to control geothermal steam, coal and tar sands. A recent report by the National Economics Research Associates, a Washington consulting firm, calls it "classic horizontal integration on a scale comparable to the formation of trusts in the latter decade of the 19th century. In short, the oil companies, themselves portraying their activities as diversification, are in fact systematically acquiring their competition." Not surprisingly, one source of possible competition they have acquired is the rich shale deposits of the Green River Valley.

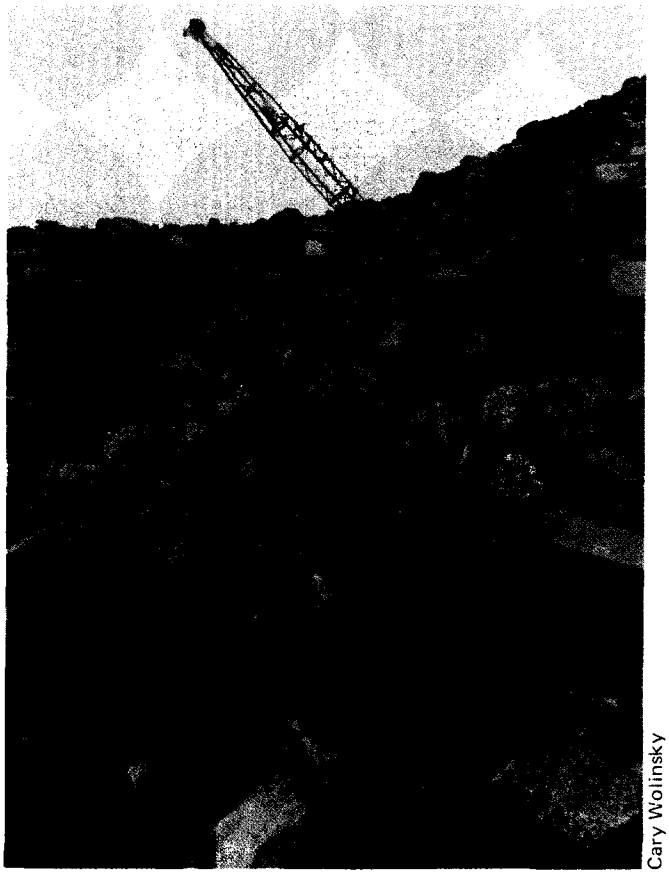
Although they have an incredibly poor record of developing new sources of energy (a National Science Foundation study noted recently that petroleum was one of a handful of industries whose research and development spending actually declined during the past decade), oil companies have an excellent record of acquiring oil shale land. About 80 percent of the shale lands are federally controlled, but according to Department of Interior statistics, 13 major oil companies own 65 percent of those which are privately controlled. Though there have been estimates from their own industry sources that shale production could be at least as profitable as finding and producing domestic crude, the companies have refused to construct a single facility to test production costs. They have asserted that they would push ahead with shale only when it was "needed" to "supplement" crude production—an era which seems to have arrived.

Their reluctance to proceed with development thus far has been one of the few acts of the oil companies which was not destructive, as far as environmentalists were concerned. For the consequences of serious shale development have been almost too catastrophic to contemplate. The *Oil and Gas Journal* admits that using conventional "open-pit" excavation techniques (such as the lands leased last month lend themselves to), 99,000 cubic yards of raw shale and processed shale would have to be moved daily to produce 40,000 barrels of oil. This would mean hundreds of mammoth excavation machines working simultaneously to rip open the mountains of the Rockies and make them into a grotesque panorama of destruction. It would take an almost incalculable amount of water diverted from drinking use and irrigation to process the rocks. And a final problem of shale is that once the oil is cooked out of the rock, there is up to twice as much specific volume of leftover material as there was in the first place. Like the problem it symbolizes, the stuff expands.

There are alternative techniques, of course. Instead of mining the shale, there is what is called *in situ* technique for crushing the shale underground via explosives. The rubble pile would then be ignited so that the various combustible compounds in the shale could burn to create enough heat to release the shale oil, which would then be pumped to the surface. Ever on the lookout for ways of applying *his* product, Edward Teller has even proposed that nuclear explosives be used to extract the oil. According to a report to the AEC by the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, California, as much as 640 billion barrels of shale oil could be produced by nuclear crushing at a cost of only $2 or $3 a barrel. However the report does not estimate the costs to the environment or the cost in denaturing radioactive oil.

Shale oil seems to a phenomenon whose time has come; and this is one of the gloomier by-products of the so-called energy crisis. Almost as bad (although no less surprising) as the fact that it should happen at all, however, is the fact that the basic decisions on the development of oil shale will be left to the commissars of an industry whose entire history displays a contempt for the inconvenient vagaries of free competitive markets and a devotion for manipulating events—and governments—to its own ends. The spectacle of energy cartels supervising development of oil shale and other fuels, and manipulating supplies and prices, is one of the few inevitabilities in the current situation. (The fact that Gulf and Indiana Standard were willing to pay $210 million for their share of these lands is a grim augury of the importance they place in shale.) As Paul Fry, staff economist for the American Public Power Association, a public utility trade group, puts it: "We know the industry's economic and political behavior with oil and gas. It is insane to naively assume they will behave any differently when they establish control over other fuels." Yet it is the genius of the oil companies that they have convinced America that it has no other choice.

Oil shale mining in Colorado



Cary Wolinsky

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Energy Crisis *(From page 32)*

Congress: Even the cut in the oil depletion allowance, which seemed at first glance the severest blow of the year, turned out to be something of a chimera: Non-industry economists estimated that, because of the complexity of the tax structure, oil companies hadn't been able to use the full 27½ percent allowance anyway; the real figure, they said, was more like 23 percent, only a single percentage point above the new congressional limit. Only the environmentalists remained, with their lawsuits, adverse publicity, and appeal to public support; but the oil companies had run tougher gamuts than that before.

[1970–THE WINDS TURN HARD]

Then came 1970. If 1969 had threatened ill winds, 1970 brought the whirlwinds–and from a new, and frighteningly unexpected corner of the world. Although the Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC) had been around for a decade, the major oil companies had treated it more as a quaint social club than a serious political and economic force at the bargaining table. "Hell," one oil official was overheard to remark in the mid-Sixties, "about all those guys are good for is a camel race on a slow weekend."

But suddenly in 1970, OPEC came out bellicose. Over a period of years, it had dawned on the Arabs and neighboring Iran (and the other oil producers, for that matter) that the so-called "Seven Sisters" of the Middle East (SoCal, Exxon, Mobil, Gulf and Texaco, and their European partners, Shell and British Petroleum) had been reaping enormous profits in the area, and paying relatively little in return. To some it seemed that Arabs had not been so badly dealt with since the Crusaders evacuated Jerusalem.

For years, the Arabs, Iranians, and others had been able to do very little about it. If a recalcitrant sheikdom demanded more than the huge British-American combine which purchased most Middle East oil was willing to pay, it would either simply bribe a few key ministers or, failing that, shift its production elsewhere until the holdout caved in. And if that failed there were other means: two years after Iran's Mohammed Mossadegh nationalized the holdings of British oil companies in 1951, the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency engineered a coup that resulted in Mossadegh's removal and restoration of the holdings.

But a new era began in 1970, when Col. Muammar Qadaffi's Libyan Revolutionary Command Council demanded a sharp increase in the share Libya was receiving from Western companies.When the majors balked, offering only to raise the per-barrel payment 6 to 10 cents over several years, Qadaffi announced that Occidental Petroleum's production was being reduced 25 percent, and that henceforth no shipments would be allowed from Exxon's $90-million liquified natural gas plant. Within six months, crude-short Occidental had caved in, agreeing to the largest single price hike in the history of Middle East Oil; Exxon and the others followed suit with similar agreements six weeks later.

What followed now seems the root of the subsequent 1973 price hikes, which American oil companies and the government say are responsible for our present energy "crisis." Bargaining sessions between OPEC and the majors opened in Teheran in January 1971, with OPEC demanding a 55 percent income tax, an unspecified rise in the posted prices, and compensation for inflation of Western currencies--which was sharply devaluing the oil producers' revenues. To counter these demands, the American companies went to the extraordinary precaution of obtaining from John Mitchell's Justice Department an exemption from the anti-trust law, in order to allow coordinated bargaining (extraordinary since it was perhaps the first time the companies had sought *de jure* coverage for what had always been a *de facto* practice).

To keep in touch with their men in Teheran, the companies went to the even more extraordinary length of establishing a "battle command post" atop London's Britannic House, the skyscraper headquarters of British Petroleum. Officials would gather daily around ticker tapes, to read the voluminous reports on each intricate twist in the bargaining. In three weeks, secretaries ran off 45,000 copies of 4,200 messages, to be relayed to home offices in Paris, New York, San Francisco and Tokyo.

But despite the elaborate preparations, OPEC negotiators proved that they had learned well from the years spent watching their one-time American mentors. Led by Iranian Finance Minister Jamshid Amouzegar (a Cornell-trained engineer) and Saudi Arabia's Ahmed Yamani (who studied law at both Harvard and NYU), OPEC used embarrassingly frank statistics to show how the majors had been extracting monumental profits from the oil producing nations. They complained, for example, that producers were netting only about three cents a gallon on gasoline that was costing British motorists 74 cents. When the companies rejoined that they were making only 33 cents a barrel themselves, OPEC bargainers quickly reminded them that gasoline prices in Europe and Japan were already being raised sharply by the same companies to make up for their "poor" profit showing, and that none of it was being passed back to the producers.

To Aramco and its partners, it quickly became obvious that OPEC negotiators knew more than they should. At one point in the debate, in fact, oil officials complained bitterly that their phones were being tapped. Calling London for instructions, one Mobil official protested, "There was always an echo. One time I heard a man laughing. He stopped when I asked him what was so funny."

OPEC's tough bargaining tactics were effective, despite the amiable caviar-and-cocktail sessions interspersed with the negotiations. After 33 days of bargaining, and only nine hours before OPEC was to have instituted unilateral measures of its own, the majors and OPEC reached agreement. In exchange for a five-year contract and deferment of nationalization moves, the majors acceded to a higher posted price for Persian Gulf crude, a larger split of revenues with the oil-producers, and adjustment schedules for inflation. Posted prices* were raised from about $1.80 per barrel to

*** Posted prices are the basis on which the companies pay taxes in each area. Each major oil field will have a "posted" price for oil of specific gravity, viscosity, etc., upon which taxes are computed; the posted prices, however, usually have little to do with the market price for which the oil sells, generally a much lower figure. The difference between market and posted prices in fact became serious enough in 1960 that the oil companies' attempts to do something about it (including the imposition of import quotas) caused a major backlash, including hastening the formation of OPEC.**

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THE WORLD OIL INDUSTRY

"Exxon, the world's largest oil company, is one of the principal beneficiaries of the energy crisis. Its extensive, well-diversified oil resources will give the company a strong competitive edge over the long run. Exxon faces a number of foreign and domestic uncertainties, but these are currently outweighed by unusually strong improvements in business."
—Blyth, Eastman, Dillon and Co., Stockbrokers

THE "SEVEN SISTERS"

The world petroleum industry is dominated by seven multinational oil companies. The "seven sisters" consist of five American firms (Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Standard of California, and Gulf), one British company (British Petroleum) and one Dutch-British firm (Royal-Dutch Shell).

Together the seven control:

47% of world tanker tonnage
50% of refining capacity
More than half the world's marketing network
81% of the output of the 11 principal oil exporting countries (not counting the USSR and Canada)
(Japan, for instance, buys 70% of its oil from the seven)

EXXON (formerly New Jersey Standard) alone controls about 10% of the world market (about 11½% of the U.S. market).

(All of these "world" figures do not include the Communist countries outside the seven's reach.)

ARAMCO

The Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco) is the world's largest petroleum production company. It produces about 90% of Saudi Arabia's oil.

It is owned partly by Saudi Arabia (presently 25%, they are demanding 51%) and the rest by four American international oil companies. Of the American-owned share, Exxon, Texaco and Standard of California each own 30%, and Mobil owns 10%.

Only 4.5 percent of Aramco's oil comes to the U.S. But Aramco provides a large share of the American oil companies' total profits:
40% of Standard of California's profits
25% of Texaco's
20% of Mobil's
A much smaller share of Exxon's
(Exxon is very secretive about its profit figures).

A crisis in Arabian oil is much more of a crisis for a few American oil companies' profits than it is for America's own supply.

about $3.00; the oil producers' tax bite was raised by 29½ cents to $1.30 per barrel. Estimates made at the time predicted that by 1975 the producers' oil income would almost double, to $7.5 billion a year.

[THE HOAX OF THE CENTURY]

Now in 1974, with Middle East oil prices posted at more than quadruple their 1971 levels, the Teheran Conference seems to stand out as the real turning point in what government and oil companies are warning may not only be a massive upsurge in prices for everything from gasoline to heating oil, but the beginning of what could turn into a worldwide economic depression. And appearances seem to bear them out: Venezuela and Canada have followed the Middle East in hiking their prices and taxes on oil to unprecedented levels: American oil refineries are operating at capacity levels; reported heating oil shortages are threatening homes throughout the northern United States; gasoline seems on the verge of rationing for the first time since World War II; GM has laid off nearly 80,000 workers, with other auto companies and the airlines hastening to follow.

But what the Teheran Conference teaches, for those willing to look more closely, is not about energy crises or rising oil consumption facing diminishing supplies; it teaches about politics and profits, and about the unquenchable appetites of Big Oil.

The first lesson is the issue of crude supplies. To hear energy czar William Simon and others tell it, the world is running out of oil—which is, in fact, nonsense. Even at present levels of consumption, oil reserves are large enough right now to fill demand well into the next century. The Middle East alone contains somewhere between 350 and 400 billion barrels of proven reserves, and there is reason to believe these are severely low estimates.

Aramco, for example, which controls virtually all of Saudi Arabia's oil, claimed until the late 1960s that reserves amounted to somewhere around 74 billion barrels. But the Saudis, deciding that in such matters a more disinterested party might be preferred, invited Corelab, Inc., an independent Texas-based consulting firm, to come in and do its own investigation. To the surprise of nobody but Aramco, Corelab announced after a year's study that Saudi Arabian reserves were 130 billion barrels, not 74 billion. The Libyans, taking a lesson from their conservative neighbors, have now asked Russian petroleum geologists to make their own estimates, and other Middle East and North African countries are proceeding to do likewise.

What holds for the Middle East holds likewise for North America. Official U.S. government statistics on oil reserves aren't even "official": they are nothing more than the numbers the industry supplies to the Department of the Interior. When Sen. William Proxmire's committee decided to investigate the natural gas industry—which for all intents and purposes is a subsidiary industry of Big Oil—it found that at least one company had not merely underestimated its natural gas holdings, it had underestimated them by 1000 percent.

If that were not bad enough, consider the "official" statistics on known American oil reserves. The number bruited

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about nowadays is 32 billion barrels (or 42 billion if Alaska's North Slope is included), certainly insignificant compared to Middle East supplies or U.S. needs. But consider some of the less-discussed known reserves that have somehow avoided much public scrutiny:

- The 10 billion figure for the North Slope is the "low" estimate, even within the industry. More likely estimates put recoverable oil at 40-50 billion barrels, and some estimates run as high as 60 billion barrels.
- A few hundred miles to the west of the North Slope lies the massive Naval Petroleum Reserve Number Four, referred to affectionately by its acronym, PET-4. PET-4 is so large that it rivals the North Slope in terms of potential, with an estimated 33 billion barrels of oil (an estimate termed "low" by the Navy itself) lying completely untouched beneath the frozen tundra.
- Well to the south, the Navy also controls huge, untapped reserves in California and Wyoming—the latter at the redoubtable Teapot Dome. The 5-billion-barrel California facility, located at Elk Hills, south of Bakersfield, is presently capable of producing on short notice at least 165,000 barrels a day. (The puzzle of these fields, as of PET-4, is what the Navy needs with such enormous reserves. Originally established to protect American fleets from fuel shortages in time of war, no one in the Pentagon has explained what they would be used for in the 15 minutes needed for a nuclear Armageddon.)
- Add to these fields the oil known to lie beneath the U.S. continental shelf, and the idea of crude oil shortages becomes even more unlikely. At least 5.5 billion barrels lie off the East Coast, most within easy distance of the huge refinery complexes of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. At least another 8 billion barrels are sitting, waiting to be tapped, in and around Florida's Jay Field near Pensacola. And off the West Coast, even the controversial Santa Barbara Channel has yet to be pumped for more than a fraction of its potential.
- And if through Herculean efforts we are able to exhaust even these reserves, Canada remains with reserves as large as those of the United States 40 years ago, of which American companies are at present estimated to own two-thirds.
- Finally, when we completely exhaust these reserves, and assuming more like them are not meanwhile found, there remains the oil shale and tar sands, which have lain fallow only because exploitation has not been profitable at present prices. The known fields alone of these two oil sources are an unbelievable two *trillion* barrels of oil.

In fact, when one compiles the list of known oil reserves, then adds recoverable gas, uranium, and coal (19.5 *trillion* tons), and then allows for only fractional development of oil shale and tar sands, the U.S. will not have to worry about any energy supply crisis until somewhere around the year 2150—nearly two centuries away.*

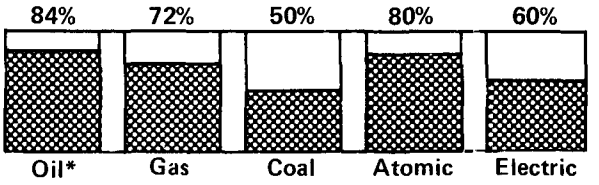
So much for the fuel shortage—or at least the long-term

* All of these mammoth figures, of course, assume that the U.S. will pursue its present plan of "self-sufficiency." Ignored are the massive fields just now being opened up in Ecuador, Peru, Australia, Angola, and off the shores of Africa, Southeast Asia, and western South America, on the unlikely belief that under some set of circumstances these countries would or could, lacking both the wealth and cohesiveness of the Arabs, deny oil to us.

THE ENERGY CARTEL

"The energy 'crisis' . . . may be the best thing that's happened to the oil and gas business in a long time."
—Wall Street Journal, August 14, 1973

ENERGY HOLDINGS OF 25 TOP OIL CORPORATIONS



* based on refinery capacity CBS-TV/The Real Paper

U.S. TAX RATE (1971)

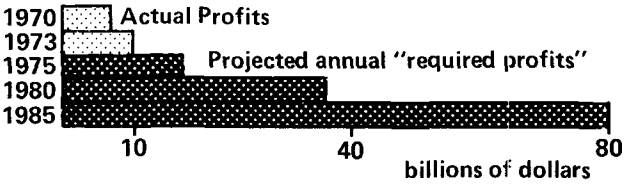
Gulf	2.3%
Texaco	2.3%
Mobil	7.4%
Standard of California	1.6%
Exxon	7.7%
Average, all U.S. corporations	40%
Statutory rate	48%

OIL INDUSTRY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE 1972 NIXON CAMPAIGN
$4,981,840

INCREASE IN PROFITS
3rd quarter 1973 over 3rd quarter 1972

Exxon	+ 80.7%
Texaco	+ 58.2%
Mobil	+ 64.1%
Standard of Calif.	+ 50.7%
Gulf	+ 90.9%

CHASE MANHATTAN BANK'S OIL PROFITS PROJECTION
annual industry profits "required to meet investment needs"



(Chase Manhattan is a major stockholder in Exxon)

"A penny increase per gallon at the pumps will mean a 15 percent to 20 percent increase in net earnings for the average company."
—Roger Foulkes, chief oil analyst
Argus Research Corporation

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fuel shortage. Those claiming that shortages are the real problem have now begun to admit that, yes, there is enough energy in the future, but that the crisis is now. These people—William Simon and the President among them—argue that present needs are vastly outstripping supply: Nixon claiming in his energy speech that the daily shortfall was 3.7 million barrels a day; Simon, after a little more careful consideration, saying 2.5 billion.

However, to what must be the chagrin of both these men and the industry, the government's own Bureau of Mines announced in January that not only was supply *ahead* of demand—without rationing cutbacks—but that the oil industry had near-record stockpiles of all petroleum products sitting unused. Figures released by the Bureau showed that from January to October 1973—the last complete recording period—supplies of oil products totalled 4.8 billion barrels while demand was at 4.7 billion barrels. From October through December, moreover, American Petroleum Institute figures showed that oil imports—despite the reputed Arab boycott—were well ahead of the same period a year ago, over 30 percent ahead in fact. Home heating oil reserves alone stood at 203.5 million barrels at the year's end—up 28 percent over 1972. Gasoline stocks were also holding at over 200 million barrels.*

As if this were not enough to dispel final doubts about "shortages," it now turns out that even the Great Refinery Crunch is a myth. As a corollary to the cries of insufficient supply, oil companies have been claiming that even if there were enough oil, there isn't the refinery capacity to process it all. Refinery capacity in the U.S., so they claim, is only 14 million barrels per day, while demand has been running around 17 million. According to these oil companies, there just hasn't been the incentive to build new refineries, given taxes and tough new anti-pollution requirements.

What the same companies haven't talked about is all the new refineries they have recently built in the Caribbean, just a short tanker-trip away. Attracted by cheap taxes and few restrictions, SoCal, for example, operates a new 500,000 barrel-per-day refinery in the Bahamas; Exxon, a 460,000-bpd operation in Aruba; Shell, a 360,000-bpd facility in Curaçao. When the total number of refineries is added up, it turns out that American companies are running just about three million barrels a day of oil through their sun-drenched plants right off the Atlantic coast—a sum which, when added to domestic capacity, neatly matches demand.**

[THE PIPER'S HIGH PRICE]

And so the energy crisis, whether attributed to Arab solidarity, shortage of supplies or limited refinery capacity, evaporates, dissipating like so many vapors out the exhaust of a car. And yet what remains is higher prices—gasoline soon to double its price of a year ago, airlines claiming fuel shortages to justify cutbacks of personnel and low-profit routes; heating oil doled out at record prices. And bewildered Americans alternate between anger at the Arabs and self-abuse for their imagined excesses, when in truth neither can be shown to bear the blame.

The culprit is now, was, and will continue to be Big Oil, fully aided and abetted by what is undoubtedly the most corrupt Administration in American political history. The Arabs, far from being to blame, have been acting responsibly ever since the October War, just as they did before it. They of all the parties have absolutely nothing to gain by causing a serious recession in the developed countries. Not only are those countries their only serious market for oil, but are additionally the home of now-sizeable Arab investments; it is the economies of the oil-consuming nations which will determine the value of the Arabs' vast foreign-currency holdings.

The prices which they are demanding for crude can hardly last. Not only would the Middle East have literally nothing it could do with the sums it would earn—$50 billion is one guess of what they would earn this year alone—but the resulting balance-of-payments crisis for the West and Japan would be so severe that it would cause the depression that the oil producing countries have every reason to fear.

And lest one worry that American oil companies are the victims of the Middle East price rises—or those of Venezuela and Canada—it is those very same companies who share ownership of the oil. Despite the royalty and tax hikes and nationalizations that have followed in the wake of the Teheran Conference, Aramco and related Western-owned companies still get at least a quarter, and more like a third, of the cash that comes from the sale of Persian Gulf crude. In the unlikely event that current astronomical prices are maintained, and $50 billion indeed flows eastward in the year ahead, Western-owned companies stand to make in the neighborhood of $15 billion—not counting what they will make in subsequent refining and marketing to the consumer.***

What the Arabs (and other oil-producing nations of the world) are demanding is simply a larger slice of the enormous profits, which until now have been divided up within a monumental Western cartel. Even where nationalization of American holdings has taken place, it has generally been only partial, with American companies maintaining as much as a 49 percent minority interest. If anything, partial nationalization has joined the interests of the producers and the cartel closer together. And if total nationalization were to occur world-wide (something highly unlikely in this decade or the next), the Americans have only a little to

(Continued on page 57)

*** Declines in stocks, which *will* occur as winter drags on, aren't a necessary measure of any shortage. The industry normally overproduces in summer months in anticipation of heightened cold-weather demand.**

**** It is through these refineries that the infamous "invisible" 700,000 barrels of Libyan oil passed last December. Apparently Col. Qadaffi has been "leaking" oil through the OPEC embargo, something the majors "discovered" by accident in mid-December. How one loses or finds 700,000 barrels of oil remains a fascinating question.**

***** The Europeans, for obvious reasons, have not shown a lot of sympathy for the majors' self-imagined plight *vis-a-vis* the Arabs. Since they rely (along with Japan) so heavily on Middle Eastern crude, and since their investment and profit stakes in those countries is so relatively small, their reaction to the oil crisis has been more bitter toward the Americans than the Arabs. In fact, they are striking out on an independent course to assure supplies. French (and Japanese) negotiators have just returned from a bargaining tour of the Middle East. According to French spokesmen, the Arabs reacted most favorably to French offers to install the highly sophisticated French color television system, but also showed interest in a range of light and medium industrial technologies.**

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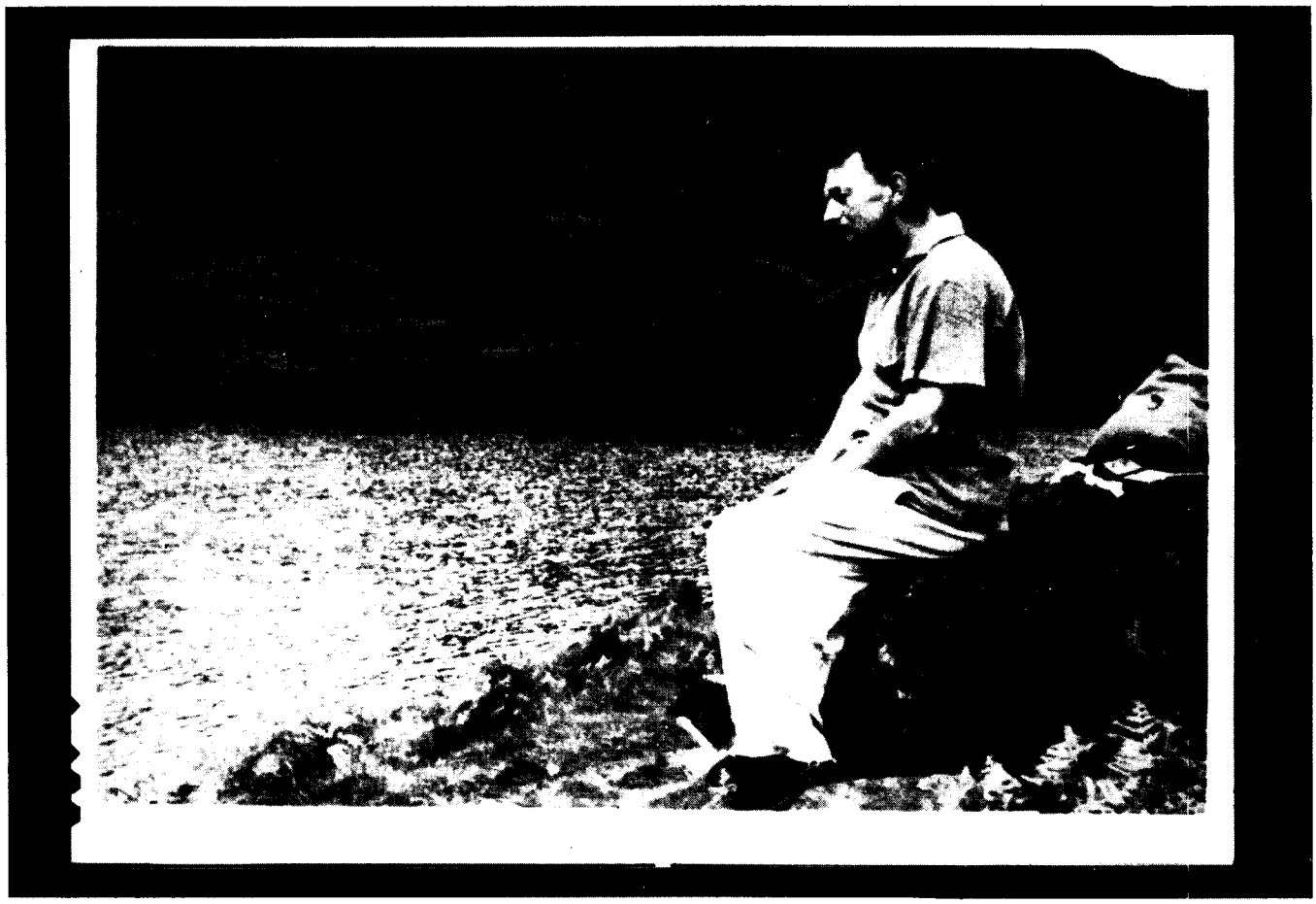
"An Approaching Storm"



The Private Volcano of Malcolm Lowry

Besides being a visionary, drunkard, champion athlete, carpenter of his own wilderness cabin, and author of one of the great novels of his time, Malcolm Lowry was also a letter-writer. Perhaps, in this telephone age, the last of the great letter-writers. His most remarkable letter was written from Mexico in 1946 to an English publisher who was showing signs of rejecting the masterpiece Lowry had just spent ten years writing, *Under the Volcano*.

The letter runs 31 pages. Writing it took Lowry two weeks' time, a drinking bout, and a suicide attempt. In it he defends the novel, chapter by chapter, at times almost page by page. It is a curiously naive document, for Lowry assumes (as he apparently did towards everyone) that the publisher was full of good will, and also that he had carefully read the book. But I suspect that, like so many people who encounter this dense and bewildering novel for the first time, the publisher had given up. Yes, Lowry wrote, his book is slow-starting, but then so are *The Possessed*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Moby Dick*. The extraordinary feature of Lowry's letter is that despite his near-poverty and total obscurity his only published book was a mediocre and forgotten first novel of 13 years earlier he *knew* he had written a great book.

Today it is easy to agree. Lowry's letter convinced the wavering publisher, and the *Volcano* came out the next year. Critics everywhere praised it, but by his triumph Lowry was undone. Reluctantly he journeyed to New York for the mandatory round of literary cocktail parties. In the receiving line of one large reception he was so overwhelmed by fright he never opened his mouth at all for several hours. From Manhattan he fled back to the almost hermit-like existence he had been living in the forests of British Columbia. Then his compulsive drinking began again; the last ten years of his life saw him in and out of psychiatric hospitals in Canada, France, Italy, England, and Haiti. He was deported from Mexico; he wrote endlessly, finished nothing; he fell off a pier while drunk and broke his back, and, a few years later, his leg. He began suffering a writing block that was literally a *writing* block: he could not hold a pen and could only write by dictating, standing up for eight hours a day, leaning against a table in a special position that gave him calluses on his knuckles and varicose veins so

by Adam Hochschild

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severe they had to be operated on. Finally Lowry fled Canada, made a last attempt to find refuge from himself in a Sussex village, then brought it all to an end with a fatal combination of alcohol and sleeping pills. When he was buried in the village churchyard in 1957, none of his works were in print in English.

The eclipse has ended; now everybody wants him. Literary historians have claimed Lowry as an Englishman, a Canadian, and an American. The first is most accurate, though it is hard to place a man who was born in England, lived most of his adult life in Canada, found his largest audience in the United States, and, for the setting of his one great novel, chose Mexico.

Under the Volcano takes place on a single day in 1938, the Day of the Dead, when the dead are supposed to commune with the living. It was a strange twilight time: Dunkirk and the blitzkrieg of Poland were only a year away; Mexico's left-wing government had just nationalized foreign oil companies and the British had broken diplomatic relations; scores of Nazi and Spanish Fascist agents had infiltrated the Army and the police, and a powerful right wing simmered in near-rebellion.

The book's hero is the now out-of-work British Consul in Cuernavaca, a man of brilliance, wide literary reading and travel, a mystic and Cabalist, and a hopeless alcoholic. He begins the day in a bar, found there by his estranged wife, who has returned to Mexico to attempt a reconciliation. Together with the Consul's half-brother, the two of them visit a French film-maker friend, go to a bullfight, eat, argue, and separate. Throughout the day their paths are stalked by vultures, legless beggars, scorpions, spiders, deformed pariah dogs and laughing dwarves.

Spurred on by marvelous rationalizing (having a drink to reward himself for abstaining a few minutes earlier), the Consul drinks more and more. By evening he is drinking alone in a bar across the street from a military police barracks, known headquarters of the local Fascists. Policemen have been following him all day, thinking he is a Communist spy. Their suspicions are seemingly confirmed when they check his pockets, for the half-brother had been wearing the Consul's coat. The brother is a British newspaper correspondent about to leave to fight in the Spanish Civil War; he had left in a pocket his membership card in the Spanish anarchist party and a press cable in a telegraphic shorthand, which of course, looks like some sort of code. "You are de espider, and we shoota de espiders in Mexico," the policemen say. They take the Consul outside and kill him.

The *Volcano*'s readers are divided into two kinds: those who find it (as I do) the greatest novel in English of the last 30 years, and those who find it (as I did, on my first reading) exasperating, tortuous, thick with heavy-handed symbolism and minor characters who never come alive. Both views are true, and when you come to love the book it is as you love *King Lear:* a work great in spite of itself, with faults so monstrous they take on a certain grandeur of their own.

Despite its exotic setting, *Under the Volcano*'s greatness is an inner, psychological one. For me the heart of it is the way Lowry gets so totally inside the head of a man who exquisitely, almost victoriously, *knows* he is destroying himself. Destroying himself through his drinking, and through his lingering at the bar that gradually fills with sinister policemen, directed by a silent Spaniard. The bar's musician, under the cover of fiddling a gay tune next to the Consul's ear, whispers a warning in broken English to leave before it is too late. But the Consul stays.

Everything is seen through the Consul's drunken perceptions: the street which rises to hit him in the face, the sudden apparition of phantom animals, an amusement park with its malevolent machines out to destroy him. Perhaps most dazzling is a conversation near the end where the Consul is arguing politics with his brother and wife. The talk flows back and forth; the Consul responds to his brother with a long and devastating discourse, filled with wit and insight and classical allusions and all the intellectual weaponry of a man of broadest education, and then only at the end realizes he has not spoken at all.

Lowry's strange and sad life story at last has gotten the attention it deserves in a new biography, *Malcolm Lowry,* by Douglas Day. (From Oxford University Press at a shocking $10—wait and buy the paperback). It is a good book: compassionate, clear, thorough without being academic, psychoanalytic without pretending to explain it all, totally devoid of the artful ambiguities which befuddle so much contemporary literary criticism. Lowry was no easy subject: like Hemingway (alas, not blessed with so good a biographer) he spun many tall tales about himself. Day carefully separates them from the life that Lowry really led.

And what a life. The first word that comes to mind for Lowry is helpless. And not only helpless in his disastrous drinking. Apparently he was one of those people incapable of doing simple things like buying a plane ticket. Lowry never quite knew where he was in foreign cities, wore shirts inside out, forgot to put on socks before shoes, lost his manuscripts. For most of his life he lived on a meager allowance from his wealthy parents; even when he was 30 his father didn't send it to him directly, hiring lawyers in whatever country Lowry was in to dole it out to him month by month and to keep an eye on him.

He was equally helpless in his work. Although he wrote voluminously for nearly 30 years, his youthful first novel and *Under the Volcano* were all he ever finished. The other books he could not control. A short story for a contest with a 1000-word limit grew to 80 pages; an unfinished letter to the editor of a British newspaper, to over 100. A filmscript he and his wife did of Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night* was studded with critical comments on film theory and would have run six hours on the screen. He wrote vast prospectuses of all his work, optimistic letters to publishers, charts, outlines, diagrams, master-plans that would unite the great muddle of uncompleted manuscripts. That he finished anything at all was largely because of his second wife, Marjorie. A writer herself, she was his nurse, protector, best critic, and at times almost co-author.

Yet this most helpless of men lived a physically more self-sufficient life

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than any writer since Thoreau. Lowry hated cities, and in 1939 he and his wife moved to British Columbia. But theirs was no one-year fling on a communal farm: for most of the next 15 years they lived in a series of squatters' shacks built over some tideflats near Vancouver. I visited the spot a few months ago. It is a beach of smooth pebbles, looking across a fjord-like inlet at mountains that shoot steeply down to the water. Fir trees cover the middle slopes, and on the day I was there misty clouds ringed them, making their peaks look disembodied and still higher. They are snow-capped even in summer. Lowry dove off his porch into the freezing water every day.

One of the shacks the Lowrys built themselves. They gardened, cut their own wood, drew water from a spring, and heard the sea water swirl directly under their living room at high-tide, worrying that tree trunks torn loose by spring floods would crash against the pilings and bring the house down. Through the cold Canadian winters they wrote with gloved hands the great epic of a sun-baked day in Mexico. Their best friends were the fishermen and boat-builders who were their neighbors, and who today treasure their relics. When he was drunk Lowry could be terrible (he twice tried to murder his wife), but when he was sober he was a good man, as kind as any writer since Chekhov, as generous as he was possessed, and people loved him.

Lowry described this period of his life in the short lyrical novel *The Forest Path to the Spring,* one of the few of his other works worth reading besides *Under the Volcano.* It is a gentle story, perhaps the work of a man who knew he did not have long to live, almost rhapsodic in its description of the world he could see from his shack: not just the water and the stars and the mountains, but the ships, the train on the inlet's opposite bank, the red flares of an oil refinery at night. It is filled with a sense of gratitude: for his marriage, for his wilderness idyll, for the few years of happy and sober writing on his great book.

The *Volcano* saved him while he was working on it; finished, he began to drink again. He spent a few more years in Canada, but civilization was creeping up: the local government was threatening to evict the squatters. There were troubles with publishers when he could not deliver promised books. Finally, he and his wife left for their last disastrous trip to Europe. A letter he wrote a few years earlier gives a picture of what it felt like inside his own private alcoholic volcano:

Dear old Albert . . . I have to confess . . . that in spite of this comparatively lucid burst of correspondence, that I am going steadily & even beautifully downhill: my memory misses beats at every moment, & my mornings are on all fours. Turning the whole business round in a nutshell I am only sober or merry in a whiskey bottle, & since whiskey is impossible to procure you can imagine how merry I am, & lucid, & by Christ I am lucid. And merry. But Jesus. The trouble is, apart from Self, that part (which) used to be called: consciousness. I have now reached a position where every night I write 5 novels in imagination, have total recall . . . but am unable to write a word. I cannot explain in human terms the incredible effort it has cost me to write even this silly little note, in a Breughel garden with dogs & barrels & vin kegs & chickens & sunsets & mornings glory with an approaching storm & bottle of half wine.

And now the rain! Let it come, seated as I am on Breughel barrel by a dog's grave crowned with dead irises. . . . And I have been kind to in a way I do not deserve. I have to write pretty fast. . . . Please wire [me] if we can meet each other again, leaving quite out of account whether I can do the same for myself. A night dove has started to hoot & says incessantly the word "dream, dream." A bright idea. I remember always your kindness and generosity. . . Malcolm.

When you love a writer you sometimes want to claim him. Tolstoy's love of the peasants was really a kind of pre-Communism; why, if he had lived past 1917 he would have . . . Or: Solzhenitsyn's work really shows how any revolution must invariably betray itself; and so on. But the claimers are always wrong, since no great writer's work is that simple, even when he himself (Tolstoy, for instance) thinks it is.

One thing I like about Douglas Day's biography is that he isn't trying to claim Lowry for anybody. There is a growing Lowry cult now, and some of the people trying to claim him are the mystics: A whole book has been written proving how *Under the Volcano* is based upon the Cabala. Psychedelic zealots claim Lowry as their precurser. And all this is true: he *was* fascinated by the Cabala, and he also was under the delusion that mescal, the Mexican liquor with which the Consul drinks himself to death in the *Volcano,* had the hallucinogenic properties of mescalin. And Lowry was a complex and almost religious mystic, an unmatched poet of the inner psychic landscape. Yet he did not close the door there.

Without doing anything so crass as trying to claim Lowry for the Left, I'd like to talk a little about the political dimension in his work. You cannot claim, as William Gass does in an otherwise perceptive *New York Review* article, that "he had no politics." (Anybody who seriously thinks this should compare Lowry's vision of Mexico with the radically different one of Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory,* a novel set in almost exactly the same time and place.) No novel whose hero is murdered by Fascist policemen is non-political.

A refrain runs through *Under the Volcano:* "They are losing the battle of the Ebro." It is in the mind of Hugh, the Consul's naively leftist half-brother, who apparently represented one side of Lowry himself. Like a distant recurring chord, Spain is always there. When the band at a bullfight strikes up the tune Guadalajara, Hugh softly repeats the word to himself, and you realize that he is thinking of the battle. It is Hugh's ID in the Consul's pockets, remember, which causes the Consul to be shot at the end.

The Consul maintains he is above politics, but he is not. He does not choose sides himself, so in the end his enemies choose for him. In this sense he is the Consul not only of England, but of all the Western nations which wore blinders then. Infused through the whole novel is a sense of the political world, of the rising tide of fascism, slowly, quietly, closing in on him. In a way *Under the Volcano* stands in relation to World War II as *Death in*

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Venice does to World War I. The sense of coming holocaust grows throughout the book, quickening when the Consul sees, at the side of the road, the body of an Indian messenger of the Revolutionary government's land reform bank, murdered by the same policemen who will kill him. (Lowry had a good sense of the class warfare going on in Mexico at the time.) The novel's political dimension reaches its peak in the stupendous final chapter. As the Consul stands drinking in the wretched cantina that slowly fills with policemen, you feel like shouting: for Christ sake, *do* something, these people want to kill you! And when they finally do, the very end of the long vision of mountain climbing the Consul has as he dies expands to make him stand for a whole world on the brink of war:

Opening his eyes, he looked down, expecting to see, below him, the magnificent jungle, the heights, Pico de Orizaba, Malinche, Cofre de Perote, like those peaks of his life conquered one after another before this greatest ascent of all. . . . But there was nothing there: no peaks, no life, no climb. Nor was this summit a summit exactly: it had no substance, no firm base. It was crumbling too, whatever it was, collapsing, while he was falling, falling into the volcano, he must have climbed it after all, though now there was this noise of foisting lava in his ears, horribly, it was in eruption, yet no, it wasn't the volcano, the world itself was bursting, bursting into black spouts of villages catapulted into space, with himself falling through it all, through the inconceivable pandemonium of a million tanks, through the blazing of ten million burning bodies, falling, into a forest, falling–

Enough. I'm not trying to make Lowry into the socialist he was not, but merely to persuade you to read him. And to make clear that one of the rewards of doing so is the multilayered richness of his book, one level of which is a sense of the social and political world that frames his characters' individual torments.

A risk in praising any novel is sounding too much an auctioneer: the writer has this skill, that, the other; beware you don't miss them. But Lowry's greatness is not that he could create fine metaphors, or sometimes leap beyond the dictionary to find the right word. Words are cheap; a lot of writers can learn to use them well. But putting them to Lowry's ends is much harder. Here is William Gass again, in a different essay, and this time he is right:

Although Under the Volcano *has many flaws, it is strong where most recent novels are weak: it has no fear of feeling. Our finest contemporary work–that of Beckett and Borges and Barth, for instance–as conscious of metaphoric form as it is, with every part internally and wonderfully related; subtle sometimes as Lowry seldom is; scrupulous to maintain a figurative distance between author, work, and reader . . . has achieved many morose, acid, and comic effects. . . . yet they've been led too far toward fancy, as Coleridge called it, neglecting, somewhat, . . . the full responsive reach of their readers.*

What Gass is talking about–and he is more charitable than I would be–is a whole stream of contemporary writing that relies too much on extended verbal playfulness. It is a stream where the crossword puzzle lurks never far in the background, where English professors wait eagerly for the chance to publish annotated editions. Lowry is a bulwark against that current; that is why he will last.

In his essay on Dickens, Orwell says:

When one reads any strongly individual piece of writing, one has the impression of seeing a face somewhere behind the page. It is not necessarily the actual face of the writer. I feel this very strongly with Swift, with Defoe, with Fielding . . . though in several cases I do not know what these people looked like and do not want to know. What one sees is the face that the writer ought *to have.*

Take someone like Nabokov, for instance. Perhaps in the end a better writer than Lowry, certainly one who produced a more substantial corpus of books. But when I imagine him, I don't see his face: I see his study, his dictionaries, his encyclopedia, his thesaurus, his hands clapping with pleasure as he thinks of a pun in four languages, which I will be too ignorant to get.

But with Lowry I see the face–and Orwell is right, it is not the way he really looked; none of the pictures of him look like the man who could have written *Under the Volcano*. He is not in his study but in a bar, with a look of helplessness and terror and eagerness for the next drink. For even when you do not know his life, you have the eerie feeling when reading *Under the Volcano*, that the author has *been* there. There is no shred of that playfulness, no sense of the writer in his study. Lowry's would-be biographer, Conrad Knickerbocker (who must have shared some of his subject's troubles, for he committed suicide in the middle of his research) once wrote: "Lowry could not perform the vital surgery of separating himself from his characters. He suspected at times that he was not a writer so much as being *written*, and with panic he realized that self-identity was as elusive as ever."

Writing can be like psychoanalysis, or like confession: you grapple with your pain, you relive your experiences, you express them, and then you are shriven. But for Lowry it did not work that way. Writing the *Volcano* protected him from his demons while he worked on it, but the novel could not banish them. After he finished it, his life was a downward curve that ended with his destroying himself as his Consul had done. Though it took him ten years beyond the one to live out the other, in the end his book was his life. From a writer you can ask no more.

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Film Notes

by Nick Rabkin

Many of the most interesting movies made you are never likely to hear of. For two reasons: Either they come from small film companies which cannot afford to publicize the film (it costs, for example, over $75,000 to "open" a major film in New York–promotion, advertising, free tickets, parties, gala premiere, and so on); or they come from still smaller groups of independent filmmakers, and are never shown in commercial theaters at all. Many of these little-known films deserve far more attention than the gaudy blather which fills the screens of most movie houses, and that is the purpose of this column.

There is one recent such film which you *can* find in commercial theaters, though you have to look hard for it, and you won't find its stars on the Johnny Carson Show: *The Harder They Come.* It is unusual for a Third World film to receive commercial distribution in the United States. *The Harder They Come* has gotten some and deserves more (see RAMPARTS, June '73).

Jimmy Cliff, Jamaica's most popular reggae singer, plays a rural Jamaican who comes to the big city to become a star. Cliff wants to cut a record. He records a song called "The Harder They Come," a beautiful but naive song of self-affirmation. But the record company cheats him out of any profit, and he has to become a dope dealer to survive. He kills a policeman and has to go underground–and everywhere he goes people have transistors to their ears, playing his song, now a big hit. He tries to swim out to a freighter bound for Cuba, but is wounded from another shoot-out and can't make it. As he turns back towards the beach and his probable death, the movies fades into a fantasy of his slaying scores of policemen, guns blazing–a fantasy based on a Clint Eastwood western he has recently seen.

The Harder They Come is a highly original look at the popular culture of the Third World, and its corruption by our own. In showing the destructiveness of the American success myth transplanted to the Caribbean it takes a bold political stance, but does so with extraordinary sensitivity. Its musical score may be the best, at least the most lyrical, of any recent film. Don't miss it.

* * *

In the 70 years of movie history, there have been two major political film movements in America. The first began in the Thirties and was eventually absorbed by the Works Project Administration of the New Deal. The second started a few years ago. Today there are collectives, non-profit companies, and loose groups of filmmakers scattered around the country making films of protest and social criticism. If you are a school-teacher or a member of a campus group that has film showings, you can rent these films at reasonable cost, and, occasionally, for free. Here are some of the more interesting recent ones:

Work: *15 minutes; color; directed by Fred Wardenburg; USA; distributed by Tricontinental.*

Take the name: how many commercial movies can you remember ever seeing that seriously dealt with how people experience daily work? One only wishes *Work* were as good a film as its subject is important. It is a picture about life on a Detroit assembly line. But as an indictment of work under capitalism, *Work* is only half good. Though beautifully photographed, it is too self-conscious of itself as film–occasionally turning hard, dangerous work into spellbinding fireworks. Its Marxism is a little academic –quotes from Marx accompany the picture but are sometimes inappropriate. And a scene contrasting work in a custom body shop to the assembly line is barking up a romantic, rather than political, tree. It suggests a return to the artisan-entrepreneur as an alternative to mass production.

But in spite of its faults, *Work* is a worthwhile movie: it refuses to reduce the alienation it describes to a question of wages or safety, but presents a picture of the theft of workers' time and vitality.

Tupamaros: *50 minutes; color; directed by Jan Linqvist; Uruguay Sweden; distributed by Tricontinental.*

Campamento: *29 minutes; color; directed by Tom Cohen and Richard Pearce; Chile/U.S.; distributed by Tricontinental and Associated Sterling (for the Maryknoll Free Film Library).*

The Traitors: *157 minutes; color; Argentina; distributed by Tricontinental.*

If you were moved by *State of Siege,* you'll want to see these films: They are all about the new revolutionary Left in Latin America–and present an implicit critique of the Old Left parliamentary Communist parties. And one of the films, *Tupamaros,* is an actual documentary about the organization *State of Siege* was based upon.

Tupamaros is a long interview with a guerrilla, in silhouette only, interspersed with segments showing Uruguay's slums, unemployment and the vast gap between rich and poor. To make its point about Uruguayan dependence on American investment, the film follows a cow through the entire butchering process, in an American-owned plant.

There are also interviews with high government officials in the Tupamaros' "people's prison," and with the parents of an underground Tupamaro, whose home has been fire-bombed three times by the national police death squad. Finally, there is an animated re-creation of the recent escape of over 100 political prisoners from an "escape-proof" prison.

Campamento is the story of the seizure of a parcel of land on the outskirts of Santiago, Chile, by a group of peasants led by the Movement of the Revolutionary Left (MIR). Shortly after, Salvador Allende was elected President of Chile and the peasants were allowed to keep the land and build a town to their own specifications. The film was made before the coup, and sheds a certain haunting light on why Allende could be so quickly deposed.

Most of the film is concerned with the development of a political community in the *campamento:* their struggles to develop democratic self-government and educate their children. The film touches–and this is its

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Tricontinental Films

Scene from Tupamaros

most interesting aspect—the conflict between the Allende Popular Unity government and the young revolutionaries. It documents their efforts to move stodgy bureaucrats; it contrasts their commitment to Chile's peasantry and Indians to the administration's concentration on organized labor; and it contrasts their strategy of insurrectionary activity to the Allende coalition's political compromises.

The Traitors is a fiction film about trade unions, Peronism and revolution in Argentina—based, in part, on actual events of the past several years. Barrera is a bureaucrat facing re-election in a union where young workers are leading a rank and file rebellion. His power is slipping and he stages a mock kidnapping to gain sympathy and win the election.

Through a series of flashbacks we learn that Barrera became a terrorist after Peron was deposed in 1955. His father encouraged him to build a revolutionary base among the workers. As the years roll by we see Barrera come to identify the interests of the workers with their employers. The film's makers undoubtedly intended a critique of trade unionism itself here, but Barrera's transformation is seen primarily as personal—he sells out. Nevertheless, selling out is taken to be integral to right-wing Peronism of the sort that Barrera represents.

The Traitors is not only a film on a good subject, it is a good *film*. It is gratifying to see revolutionaries making fiction films which are capable of reaching richly into facets of life and the human side of revolution that documentaries can only touch.

The Passengers: *90 minutes; directed by Annie Tresgot; France/Algeria; distributed by Tricontinental.*

Algeria's biggest export is labor. After its liberation from France the Algerian economy was in shambles. There were two million unemployed; 750,000 of these have since emigrated to France. *The Passengers* is an extraordinary documentary about their experience. It is structured around a series of interviews, spanning two years, with Rachid, a young Algerian first seen making the crossing to Marseilles.

Rachid's transformation is shown sensitively and sympathetically. He is an expressive person, and as much of what he experiences is recorded on his face as in what he says. He has come to France to escape the limitations of life in Algeria. He works in construction and then on an assembly line, and finally, two years later, announces his plans to return to Algeria.

Deepening the sadness of Rachid's failures in France—and brought into *The Passengers* by interspersed narration—is the fact that his hopes for his future in Algeria have shaky foundations.

Rachid's choice is between the lonely labor of an Algerian in France or the economic and social underdevelopment of Algeria. *The Passengers* reveals the contradiction between Rachid's hopes and the trap he faces.

* * *

All of the films reviewed above (except *The Harder They Come*) are available for rent in 16mm. Prices vary according to the showing's audience size and purpose. Write to:

Tricontinental Film Center
244 West 27th St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Campamento is free from:
Maryknoll Library
c/o Associated Sterling
25358 Cypress Ave.
Hayward, Ca. 94544

It is presently available for a Bay Area showing only. After June, it will be available nationally.

Nick Rabkin writes regularly for the New American Movement newspaper.

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The Almanac

by Tom Zeman

Everyone has their doubts about the energy crisis, but it's often hard to pinpoint just where the bodies are buried. It still seems to be the prerogative of big industries such as oil to have crises defined the way they want them defined. So far, even the anti-Nixon media have been relatively uncritical of the way the energy issue is being handled. But there are other sources of information that do explore the weaknesses of the official line, and suggest some real alternatives.

Surprisingly, one of the most thorough, scathing attacks on the oil industry comes out of a U.S. government agency. The report, written by the staff of the Federal Trade Commission, was so critical of the industry that the FTC Chairman refused to release it. It was subpoened by Senator Jackson and released by a Senate Committee he chairs. The report shows in careful detail how oligopolistic domination of drilling, pipelines, refining, and marketing has, with the aid of the government, kept prices and profits artificially high, and supply artificially low. You can get the 62-page report for free by writing the Senate Investigations Committee, Room 160, Russell Senate Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. Ask for "Investigation of the Petroleum Industry: The FTC Report," issued July 12, 1973.

Two members of Congress deserve notice for their steady, critical attention to the oil industry. In the Senate, William Proxmire of Wisconsin has held a number of hearings about monopolistic trends and overpricing in the industry. And in the House, Charles Vanick of Cleveland, Ohio has made a number of well-documented speeches about oil industry tax breaks, oil shale development, and other matters. You can get copies of hearings and speeches by writing either one of these men at the U.S. Capitol, Washington, D.C. 20510, or call the Capitol at (202) 224-3121 and ask for either one of their offices.

* * *

As Gene Marine points out elsewhere in this issue, there is a whole range of energy alternatives to oil, coal, natural gas, and uranium. A group of people from all over the U.S. has been putting out a bi-monthly magazine called *Alternative Source of Energy*. It's a loosely put together magazine written and published by people who have actually put things like windpower or solar energy to use for themselves, and several articles contain plans for building new kinds of generators. It's surprising and exciting to see how many "far out" ideas can easily be put into practice with a minimum of cash, expertise and effort. In fact, glancing through an issue brings to mind the good old pre-"think tank" image of the scientist as a lone experimenter working for the good of society on the frontiers of technology. You can subscribe to ASE for $5 a year. Write *Alternative Source of Energy,* Route 1, Box 36B, Monong, Wisconsin 54859.

The New Alchemy Institute of Woods Hole, Mass. and Santa Barbara, Cal. works with whole systems, trying, in the linking of energy, shelter and food production, to create viable, microcosmic worlds. A single example is a current project at their Cape Cod center, which they call the "ark," a solar heated greenhouse-aquaculture complex. Sun and wind will be the only sources of energy for the small structure, which will eventually be expanded to include living quarters for people and animals. The completed ark would provide food and shelter at minimum cost with minimum dependence on outside sources of income or energy.

The New Alchemists publish a very handsome *Journal.* It includes advice on energy, gardening and fish-raising, scientific papers and bibliographies, and exploration of alternative communities—both older traditional societies and attempts to establish new communities. It has a more aesthetic-theoretical orientation than the more practical *Alternative Sources of Energy*. The first *Journal* (available for $4.00) provides three windmill designs, a scientific paper on aquaculture, and a comprehensive look at land restoration and farming in the tropics. The second *Journal* (to appear shortly, no price yet available) will stress survival strategies, including the potential for intensive urban agriculture and aquaculture. The journals are available from: The New Alchemy Institute, Box 432, Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543.

Both the New Alchemists and *ASE* stress individual self-sufficiency rather than political change. Although some of their technology is applicable in an urban setting, there is a tendency to ignore or reject the complex interdependence of city living for a simpler vision of personal harmony with nature.

* * *

In the long run, probably the most politically potent aspect of the energy crisis is the issue of energy allocation and energy waste. And in an urban society, that means the automobile versus mass transit. A colorful group called the Committee for Zero Automobile Growth started last spring in Indianapolis, Indiana, and already has members all over the country. ZAG held a Lemon Day Festival last fall to coincide with the unveiling of the 1974 models, and is trying to organize a nationwide anti-automobile movement. For information, write them at P.O. Box 44666, Indianapolis, Indiana, 46204.

In Boston, Urban Planning Aid, a partially federally-funded organization to help low income people, set up a Transportation group for people with transit problems. They publish a regular newsletter called *Transit Notes,* and have a booklet out called *The Community Transit Primer.* The Primer costs 25¢ plus 20¢ postage. A subscription to *Transit Notes* is free, though contributions are appreciated. Anyone in the Boston area interested in mass transit should get these publications. They also can supply good ideas for organizing around mass transit problems in other parts of the country. Write Urban Planning Aid, Inc., 639 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Ma. 02139. Phone (617) 661-9220.

Thanks to William Kopper of Davis, California, for suggestions.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc. should be addressed to The Almanac, RAMPARTS magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

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NADER

(From page 23)

Simon Lazarus, a young reform-minded lawyer who has labored brilliantly for the consumer-populist vision on several fronts, has concluded that the yield will be far more modest than any of the reformers originally expected. In his new book, *The Genteel Populists,* Lazarus predicts:

"It seems all too likely that although the 1970s are bound to be a fertile period for new populist reform measures, the net gains for democracy from all this agitation and legislation will prove disappointing, especially to their sponsors. The problem is that the job that must be done, as it has traditionally been understood, is impossible to do."

Lazarus argues for a more limited, more conservative vision of what the tinkering can accomplish. One might, as easily, develop a parallel critique from the Left, arguing that until reformers take creative steps toward rearranging the control of wealth and power in the nation, all of their refined efforts to manipulate that great concentration of power, to contain its predatory impulses, are bound to perish.

There is something quaint about Nader's persistent assaults on corporate power. He describes its excesses, its lawlessness, with an articulate persistence virtually unmatched on the political landscape. Yet the solutions Nader arrives at are old ideas from the Progressive Era—federal chartering of the largest corporations. He insists that somehow Congress and the Executive Branch are going to impose restraints on corporations through federal charters that they have consistently failed to enforce as existing federal law.

The new ethical standard which Nader's projects promoted for a while has also failed to ripen. Whistle-blowing, he called it. That meant a new sense of public loyalty which would inspire bureaucrats deep inside government agencies and faceless workers in corporate offices to rise up and broadcast the iniquities they saw going on behind closed doors. To be sure, Nader still gets whistle-blowing mail addressed to his whistle-blower's post office box. A recent letter from a General Motors employee produced a Nader letter to the Department of Transportation and three days later GM recalled 750,000 cars. But these occasional letters are exceptions to the current mood of national indifference —or impotence.

Nader acknowledges an uncharacteristic puzzlement over why the idea hasn't really caught on: "I'm disappointed at the lack of whistle-blowers. There should be a higher number. There's something that's inhibiting these people. Either they don't know about our center or something's inhibiting them. I can't figure it out."

When he was more optimistic, Nader envisioned legislation to protect people who spoke up from corporate and bureaucratic reprisals. After all, you don't win merit raises by ratting on your boss. Those legislative ideas are going nowhere, as Nader is ready to concede.

[NADER'S OWN CORVAIR]

If Nader is disappointed with Washington, the feeling is in many quarters mutual. While time was taking some of the starch out of his crusade, Nader himself inadvertantly helped the process by producing a Corvair of his own design. It was his assault on Congress, probably the closest he has come to falling flat on his face.

Nader downplays the project now, but the original intention was to shake up Congress with the kind of shock-troop investigation which has been so traumatic for the FTC, FDA, USDA, and other alphabetic warrens. The project consumed thousands of volunteer hours and hundreds of thousands of Nader's dollars. But it was born in chaos and its impact on Congress was a bored yawn.

Even Nader admits that he bit off more than he could chew, though he defends the quality of the finished product: a paperback called *Who Runs Congress?* and detailed profiles of the 480 congressmen and senators who were up for re-election in 1972.

"Financially, it was my C-5A," he joked. "It cost four or five times what I expected—about half a million dollars. One thing led to another. It was just unbelieveable."

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A lot of the people who worked on the project had a similar reaction. The original plan called for 55 profile writers, backed up by hundreds of volunteer researchers, who were supposed to turn out nine or ten congressional profiles each—in 12 weeks. As the summer of '72 progressed, more and more of the writers fell behind the pace. Joan Claybrook, Nader's project director, tried docking them $50 for each profile that had to be re-assigned. The troops revolted and Nader relented, bringing in a hasty squad of extra writers, grabbing most anyone to churn out the reports which were supposed to alarm and awaken the sleeping electorate.

"They just weren't used to working at Ralph's pace," Claybrook explained. "What they got into was a sophomore slump."

Meanwhile, the broader analytical studies that were supposed to back up the individual profiles bogged down. A questionnaire with 633 items was sent to each congressman, one of whom calculated it would take about 50 hours to fill in the answers. He and a lot of others simply didn't bother. Nicholas Zill, a psychologist who was supposed to do the statistical analysis of the questionnaires, threw up his hands and refused because the number of returns was so low.

Under intense pressure to make a pre-election publication, three of Nader's best men went to work on the quickie book about Congress, culling and rehashing the rather extensive critical literature on the subject. The style is sprightly, but *Who Runs Congress?* still has a boiler-plate tone. It evokes a persistent feeling of having read it all somewhere before.

Some critics carped at small errors. Sen. John Tower of Texas has three daughters, not two and that sort of thing. There were some silly statements. Rep. Phil Burton of California, we learned, is "the paterfamilia of a new political dynasty on the West Coast to rival the East Coast Kennedys. . . ." There were hints of partisan favorites. Sen. George McGovern was "unable to grant" an interview, but profiles of less favored congressmen berated them for "refusing" an interview.

Despite time pressure, the profiles did include a lot of solid generally accurate information on congressmen, voting records, political origins, pork-barrel interests. The trouble is they were also balanced and bland.

According to Jim Fallows, one of the co-authors, Nader overrode the reluctance of staff members who were worried about a rush-job flop. "If a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing badly," Fellows remembers hearing from his leader.

"We made the decision that they weren't going to be adversary pieces," Nader explains. "I'm not so sure that was the best decision to make, but if I had to make it again, I would. There just wasn't that much dirt. They just couldn't do it. I think it was probably unrealistic to expect it to have that. After all, we didn't have experienced investigative reporters."

Fallows, who has since left the Nader stable with very strained feelings from the boss, thinks the dud-bomb of the Congress report punctured the larger vision of what Nader can accomplish as a reform advocate.

"Nader thought if he could get these reports out to the people and told them who was on the take, they'd vote him out," Fallows said. "That's just not realistic. Most people didn't pay any attention. And if a congressman was bringing in the defense plants, they'd vote for him anyway, even if he was on the take.

"Nader has always preached a Jeffersonian idea of citizenship. In all of his talk, he has always insisted that the only permanent corrective is arousing citizens to a higher level of concern. That idea failed in the Congress project. Until the Congress project, Nader could always assume that the time was coming. But this marked the real cynical turning point. It became clear that the people weren't going to be aroused."

Then something else happened to the Nader vision—a scandal called Watergate. In one sense, Watergate confirmed many of his most acute critiques of government and business. After all, Nader was thundering years ago against the "mini-Presidents" who control government policy clandestinely from the sanctuary of the White House staff, long before it was fashionable.

But Watergate was also a cruel twist

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for him. Its old-fashioned excesses of power, the gross dimensions of its corruption, effectively pre-empted all of Nader's issues—dry stuff about regulatory government, of citizen access—all the important structural work. Who wants to read about the trains flushing toilets on the open track when the FBI director is burning criminal evidence in his Christmas fire?

Nader himself felt the pull of this larger scandal. Like everyone else in Washington, Nader was traumatized by the "Saturday Night Massacre" when Archibald Cox was fired and he hurriedly summoned 20 of his people together the next morning to plan how they might get a piece of the action.

Nader's presence has been felt. His lawyers won the federal court ruling holding Cox's firing illegal—a decision which won't bring Archie back, but will make it doubly difficult for Nixon to fire his successor. Nader's man Dobrivir, the one who played the Nixon milk-fund tape at a Georgetown cocktail party, will be remembered eternally for that one stupid moment. Meanwhile, however, Dobrivir has been turning out tough, well-reasoned material to aid the impeachment drive. Nader's tax research group filed a new lawsuit in December challenging the President's gift of his Vice-Presidential papers to the National Archives.

When an associate warned Nader that he might be criticized for plunging into the political thicket of impeachment, the non-partisan consumer advocate exlaimed: "What! I'm supposed to stick to fat in frankfurters when the fucking country is falling apart?"

[THE DIVIDED SELF]

The public Nader never talks like that. The private Nader, when he is particularly exercized over something, swears with the heavy repetition one might expect from a dockworker. There are other small contrivances in his two personalities, involving his obsession with preserving the pristine qualities of the public man, while protecting the privacy of his personal life.

Nader was once actually lured into the passenger seat of a Corvair, the GM lemon which made him famous. Simon Lazarus gave Nader a ride home from a party late on a cold night and a cop

Sygma

stopped them for speeding. While Lazarus talked the officer out of a ticket, he could imagine the headlines: "Ralph Nader Arrested for Speeding in Corvair." Instead, Nader wound up pushing it. The Corvair, it seems, wouldn't start. This is the sort of story which Nader's friends and acquaintances tell about him—but not in front of him.

So far, four biographers have tried to penetrate the peculiarities of this man (a fifth is in the works), but the portraits all seemed unfinished. The suspicion persists that Nader cannot be real, that there are hidden chinks in his armor. To date, however, no one has really discovered a secret hedonist lurking beneath the spartan exterior.

David Sanford, managing editor of the *New Republic*, has tried. He and Nader collided over a critical article which Sanford approved for the liberal magazine which gave Nader his first forum. It was a bruising experience and convinced Sanford that Nader is a great deal more human than he lets on. Sanford dug around a bit and, very briefly, here is what he says he found:

Nader wrote his first book in 1965, *Unsafe at Any Speed,* thanks partly to the government-financed research he did as a Labor Department consultant. Nader once needed a stock broker, and Nader's mother owned 50 shares of Ford stock when her son was attacking General Motors. Nader says he lives in an $80-a-month room, but his brother bought an $80,000 townhouse in Washington and maybe Ralph really lives there. Nader rails against secrecy in government, yet he will not reveal his own income tax returns or the names of his Public Citizen contributors.

Nader denies it, of course, either the facts or the implications. His mother lost money when she sold the 50 shares of Ford, he says. Ralph still lives in the rooming house. His personal income, which mainly supports his projects, is as private as any other citizen's, he insists. "I hate to walk up the street anymore without a moustache," Nader grumbled.

But the striking thing about Sanford's effort to debunk is the meagerness of the material. Even if all of what he says were true, so what? It suggests some small hypocrisies around the edges of the Nader myth, but it does not diminish the uniqueness of his character.

A more intriguing side of Nader's personality was reflected in his clash with Sanford. He can be a very cranky person when he feels injured, a combative quality which was obvious to politicians and bureaucrats long before it came across to journalists. "The trouble with working with Ralph," said a liberal lobbyist who has often been his ally, "is that Ralph insists he is the only honest man in the world."

The *New Republic* discovered that side of Nader when it ran an article implying—but not saying—that a $10,000 grant from the trial lawyers association might somehow have influenced Nader's reluctance to endorse no-fault insurance reforms. It was, indeed, the kind of apparent conflict-of-interest which Nader's reports have often pinpointed inside government, yet no one really believed that Nader was on the take. His position on no-fault insurance is rooted in his extraordinary faith in lawyers, the quaint notion that they are somehow going to save us from other bad guys—like insurance companies.

In any case, Nader responded with a full-court press on the little magazine two blocks up 19th Street from his own headquarters. "I will guarantee that they will issue a retraction," he announced. Sure enough, four weeks later, after a blizzard of rebuttals and critical mail, the *New Republic* closed the subject with a polite cave-in:

> *We allow Mr. Nader the last word on this controversy and add only that in her original article Ms. Young did not state nor should it properly be inferred that Ralph Nader's position on no-fault insurance had been determined by a grant solicited by the Center for Auto Safety in July from the American Trial Lawyers Association, and*

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which was later refused by the auto safety center. The Editors.

His occasional brow-beating of reporters and his small evasions rankle some of his ex-friends. Jim Fallows, now an editor at *Washington Monthly*, remarked: "He's as hypersensitive as General Motors because he feels his purpose is so good. He doesn't see the parallel. If he did, you might forgive him for it."

[THERE'S NO REVOLUTION]

Having said all that, it should be noted that Nader may be mellowing a bit, unbeknownst to his critics. Nader and I had a set-to several years ago, a nasty and inconsequential disagreement (he has since refused to allow any more tape-recorded interviews). Yet when I interviewed him for this article, I was struck by how relaxed he seemed about himself and his enterprises, less argumentative, less single-minded about his own correctness, with a nice trace of self-deprecating humor.

Ted Jacobs, his faithful chief-of-staff, sees the same change: "Ralph's not as much determined to accomplish everything in as short a time as he once was. I think he's more ready to admit a mistake or something he should have done. I think that comes from a degree of confidence. At one time, he thought one mistake would wipe him off the map, but he knows now that isn't going to happen."

Nader has a permanency which he lacked five years ago. The Congress Watch does lobbying. The Public Citizen Litigation Group files the lawsuits. Other auxiliary groups work on tax reform and auto safety and water pollution. The days of the big task force reports are over because the plate is full of identified problems, though Nader still has a few more under the table. A study on mental health is due soon with a screamer title that is pure Nader: *The Madness Establishment*, it's called.

For the future, Nader's emphasis is clearly going to be political reform, again inspired by the notion that if the process of, say, campaign financing can be cleaned up, then elections will somehow produce better, more public-spirited public officials. Considering that the 1972 election was the first to be held under the *last* campaign reform law, it is touching to see how little his faith has been dampened by the failures of reform. Another law will doubtless be passed. Then perhaps another. Likewise, Nader's congressional lobbyists will be concentrating on creation of a Consumer Protection Agency, a grand intervenor, an ombudsman for the folks. Yes, the old versions of the same idea—the FTC, for instance—were coopted or neutralized. But this time it will be different. Nader truly believes it will.

Perhaps the purest expression of his idealism—and the limitation of his vision—is the new press service he is financing on Capitol Hill, set up to cover obscure congressmen from backwater districts where newspapers and radio and TV stations do not have any Washington correspondents, where they routinely print or broadcast the congressman's hand-out. Nader thinks he has "broken their monopoly on information." Perhaps he has, at least for awhile. However, it takes an inspired leap of faith to believe that somehow West Virginia and Texas and Montana are going to be sending a new breed of congressmen to Washington, now that Nader's news service is blowing the whistle on them. Nader believes it.

In the long run, therefore, it is just possible Nader will be more important to America as a mythological figure than he is as a practical reformer. The irony of that would probably make him groan. He is not the Lone Ranger, as we thought. He is a post-industrial version of Quixote, magnificently deluded by his own idealism, tilting grandly against Bigness, Secrecy, Greed, Gluttony. He stirs the old forgotten values, expressing the virtues we admire but do not uphold.

Nader and his troops will continue the good fight, winning more than they lose, occasionally arousing broad public concern. But the main tactics are becoming quite conventional for Washington, easily tolerated by the established order—lobbying, litigating, with occasional free-lance muckracking, more political now than structural. After five years, Nader stands for sophisticated guerrilla warfare. But there isn't any revolution.

William Grieder is a reporter on the national staff of the Washington Post.

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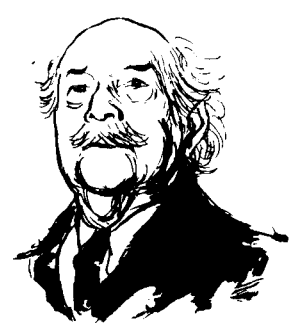

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SOLZHENITSYN

(From page 26)

would be published and distributed in large quantities and cheap editions to barracks, unions and libraries. Kropotkin objected to having his book published by the State. Instead, he said, it should be published by a cooperative. It was published after his death by a cooperative publishing house which expired soon thereafter, as did all other overground independent cooperative publishers.

The anti-state instincts of the anarchists are correct. To survive, the writer must be part of a publishing and distribution network. This is, of course, what the Russian dissidents have attempted with the *Samizdat*—a self-published article or book distributed by one's friends. This form does not come cheap in the Soviet Union. The young Russian poet Yuri Galanskov was imprisoned in 1968 for publishing the *Samizdat* journal *Phoenix*. He recently died in prison.

[A STRUGGLE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS]

In daily struggle Solzhenitsyn has thrown down the gauntlet to the world's Left. Either stand with him or stand with the KGB. There is no other choice in a society of the oppressed and the oppressors. The argument of dialectics and program that one can and should have with Solzhenitsyn must be suspended until there is recognition that his own struggle is just. It is just exactly to the extent that he acts as an artist who is the custodian of the chain of our inner humanitarian spirit. It does not much matter what theories of aesthetics a writer holds, since no conceptual understanding can be more than a general guide. The relationship of aesthetic theory to ideology within the artist's work is indirect, dialectical; even an "erroneous" theory may nevertheless be a fruitful guiding principle.

Lenin once remarked in a letter to Gorky: "I am of the opinion that there is something in every philosophy which an artist can put to good use—even if that philosophy is idealistic." But where the artist veers from his representation of the fundamental human values he ceases to operate as an artist and becomes something else. Thus when Solzhenitsyn denied the suffering of the blacks in South Africa and those tortured in Brazil and Greece—in an attack on Western liberals and intellectuals—he disputed his own formulation of the special role of art: "impressing upon a bigoted, stubborn human creature the distant joy and grief of others, an understanding of dimensions and deceptions which he himself has never experienced." Solzhenitsyn does not have to deny the suffering of either ourselves or others to get our attention.

Some readers and Left activists will wonder about the Solzhenitsyn-like trend in the Soviet Union, a trend which now wants to repeal the Bolshevik revolution. But is it not obvious that its ideals have been long since repealed? Stalin clearly wanted it repealed, with his consistent attempts at *modus vivendi* with capitalist and Nazi leaders, at the expense of local communist and liberation movements. Were the ideals of the Bolshevik revolution, those believed in by poets and workers alike, drowned in the blood purges of the old Bolsheviks and their children? The question now is whether the Russian people have a chance at naming their own revolution.

In March of 1970, Andrei Sakharov, V. F. Turchin and Roy Medvedev

Andrei Sakharov

The New York Times

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offered a 14-point program that would transform the Soviet system into a democratic socialist state. They called for ending the Soviet system of secrecy in which knowledge is merely a function of power; ending work camps for political prisoners (which entails an entirely new attitude toward the definition of crime under Soviet law and practice); developing transnational or cosmopolitan consciousness among its elites, and a "scientific" mechanism for gauging public opinion which was independent of the Party structure; allowing free movement within the Soviet Union, leading to an end to the internal passport system; establishing decentralized or bottom-up planning and control of the economy; breaking up the educational system, with less emphasis on elite education; encouraging alternative media (newspapers, journals and so forth) which would not be operated by either the State or the Party; changing the value system of leadership within the Communist Party, ostensibly for better "management" purposes; developing a multi-party or two-party system; and cutting back the authority of the Communist Party so that the publicly legitimated institutions, the courts and the Supreme Soviet can operate on their own, free of the charge of puppetry.

By the fall of 1970 Sakharov needed a new mechanism to defend such ideas. The political means that he chose, and the one which Solzhenitsyn has attempted to use, is that of "isolating" the State from the decent opinion of mankind. The Soviet activists founded their argument on the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and formed the Committee on Human Rights. (Solzhenitsyn had said that the Human Rights Declaration was the best document of the United Nations in its 25 years.) They hoped to develop a transnational network of protection which would be free of State involvement and committed to the obligations of human rights, "prepared for effective contacts with public and scientific organizations, and with international non-governmental organizations, if in their activities they proceed from the principles of the United Nations and do not have as their goal the bringing of harm to the Soviet Union."

By November 1973, Andrei Sakharov—the formerly privileged mandarin now reduced to an intellectual worker—had a chance to test the importance of human rights. Sakharov's wife, Yelena Bonner, had been questioned five times in two weeks for involvement in publishing the clandestine journal of the dissidents, the *Chronicle of Current Events,* and for transferring a skyjacker's diary abroad. The KGB demanded that Bonner submit to questioning and Sakharov, after the fifth time, refused to let his wife be questioned. He wrote a letter to the head of the secret police that the transmittal of a prison diary would not "be regarded as a crime by generally accepted juridical standards and in accordance with the Declaration of Human Rights."

During the Sixties, anti-war resisters often attempted to introduce international law, the United Nations Charter and the Nuremberg judgment, with very little success. In other words, the work which Sakharov has begun in his country can be linked to the work which the anti-war movement began within the United States—namely, linking international obligations and respect for human rights as the basis upon which people within States can legally and politically depend. There is legislation now pending before Congress, the Personal Accountability Act, introduced by 24 congressmen, which begins to internalize the judgments at Nuremberg so that State lawlessness will not force citizens to become less human.

There are some political historians who deny the importance of internationalizing the struggle for human rights, saying that its effect can only be marginal in the present atmosphere of State sovereignty. But it is through the transnationalization of that struggle through conferences among intellectuals, parliamentarians and workers, through demonstrations, writing and analysis, that a standard of decency will be made a minimum for any politics and political programs, whatever the pretension or dogma.

Marcus Raskin is co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, is author of Being and Doing *(Random House; Beacon Paperback) and is currently writing a book on the new social contract.*

ENERGY CRISIS

(From page 44)

lose. Last year, the Saudis paid $1 billion for a share of Aramco; were a less friendly government to deny any recompense, the companies would be reimbursed by the U.S. government (read U.S. taxpayer) for their confiscated holdings. Even with complete nationalization everywhere on the Third World map, the oil producing nations would still find themselves facing smiling Exxon and its friends, since the American majors own 75 percent of the world's refineries.

[RAKING IT IN]

There is a simple lesson to be learned from all of this, but one likely to bear little fruit in America as we know it. At its lowest level, it is that "free" enterprise has never existed in America, and that Big Oil is only the starkest example of what stands in its place. No consumer boycott or bicyclers by the millions are going to stop it; no Naderesque battery of lawsuits can outlast it; and certainly no government as pliable as the present one is going to stand in its way. (Or any other government for that matter: the Nestor of American politics, old Sam Rayburn, once observed to a friend that the oil depletion allowance "has been in effect for 34 years, and the Democrats have been in power 28 of those. Do you suppose if we'd wanted to do anything about [it], we wouldn't have done it by now?")

In the meanwhile, the major American oil companies have gone on, happily raking in the cash. Oil industry profits, according to a Federal Trade Commission staff study, are twice those of U.S. manufacturers in general, and rising. Exxon alone, which had been making a mere $100 million a month, reported to stockholders that its profits were up 80% in the third quarter of last year alone. And the other majors are doing just as well.

As for the industry's claim that it needs such exorbitant profits to cover the costs of big new refineries and expensive exploration, no one with a keen eye believes it. First of all, oil companies pay out abnormally high shares of their profits in dividends,

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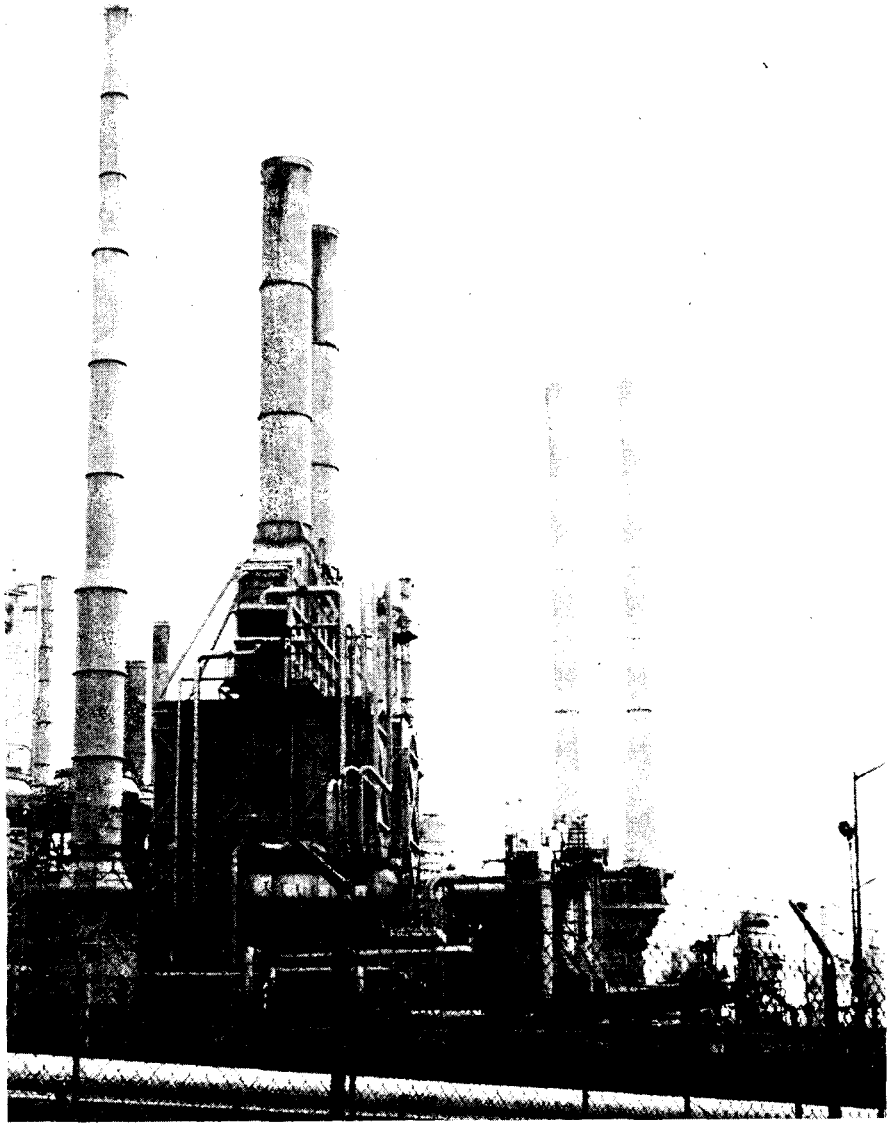
well beyond the levels of other industrial giants. Second, throughout the Sixties, what refinery capacity was built was located principally overseas, where the demand was, and where the profits were–but where most of it (the Caribbean excepted) would do little to benefit the American consumer. (Between 1961 and 1972, the five biggest U.S. companies increased domestic refinery capacity by 32 percent, and overseas capacity by a whopping 185 percent, according to a soon-to-be-released study by economist Samuel Reid.)

As for exploration expenses, the part of the industry which benefits most from the oil depletion allowance, it turns out that the majors, who claim the bulk of the depletion allowances, bring in an average of three out of every five wells that they drill. It is the wildcatters and independents, who must divide the remainder of the depletion benefits, who face the one-in-ten risks that the industry likes to quote so widely.

Who pays for all this? To date the depletion allowance cost taxpayers an estimated $150 billion. The oil import quotas, which one critic said was "the same as the Treasury passing out money," probably cost upwards of another $75 billion before they were cut last May. Though no one has ever computed what all the other various deductions and loopholes have been worth, the total, according to one industry consultant, could be in the neighborhood of half a trillion dollars.

The oil companies, by contrast, have paid hardly at all. From 1963 through 1967, the five giants–Exxon, Texaco, Gulf, Mobil and Standard of California–paid taxes of $1 billion on profits of $21 billion. A 4.9 percent tax rate is something that ought to leave even President Nixon's accountants in admiring awe.

Looked at with the hindsight of 1974, 1969, and even the Teheran Conference, now look like a case of Goliath facing foes who were, and still are, seeking a David. Environmentalists' suits over the Alaska pipeline have been swept out of the courts by an act of Congress; Machiasport is still talked about, but nowhere on the visible horizon; drilling is being resumed off the Southern California coast, oil import quotas no longer exist, since foreign oil now costs more than domestic; and the oil depletion allowance now figures so little in the visions of oil's superprofits that one major has even said it would not oppose complete repeal.



Daniel Hunter

[POWER: FROM THE BARREL]

So, for Big Oil, 1973 turned out to be a year not of crisis, but of contentment. Energy stocks are selling at all-time highs on the New York Stock Exchange. The millionaires of Oil have watched their fortunes nearly double within the year. The zany prices of Middle East crude will fall back to more reasonable levels, once some kind of settlement with the Israelis becomes clearer. And the President will benignly announce the opening of federal lands for oil and coal production, lands that hold 50 percent of America's known reserve, but which for the companies were once hard to get at, given the public uproar.

There are only two small hitches to the success of oil's little "crisis," but both are yet to come–if they come at all. The first is international, and is one Kissinger must dread more than a girl who'll kiss and tell: the Third World has finally tasted blood in this, because, whatever the status of the oil companies, other relations between the developed and undeveloped nations have changed. To be sure, bonds of imperialism have not, Prometheus-like, been snapped; but neither is the creature going to be so easy for the West to lock up any more. The Arabs have *appeared* (and for now appearance is all that matters) to do

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exactly what Lyndon Johnson privately said he was going to teach the North Vietnamese they couldn't do, to wit: "No goddamn slant-eyed, yellow-bellied bastards are going to hold knives to *our* throats." This time the gleam of metal, even if only a penknife, is unmistakably there.

For other imported minerals are now becoming increasingly strategic to the United States: half of all aluminum, chromium, manganese, nickel, tin and zinc now comes from overseas; by 1985, the country's dependence will have grown to include half of all iron, lead, and tungsten as well. The aftermath of the October War has not gone unnoticed in Zambia, Ecuador, Indonesia, Guyana and elsewhere. With four countries controlling 80 percent of the exportable copper, two holding 70 percent of the world's tin, four with more than half of the natural rubber and four others sitting on half of the world's bauxite (the source of aluminum), the West may soon discover that cartel roulette is a game many can play. Tiny Guyana, the world's biggest bauxite exporter, in fact announced in the aftermath of the OPEC price hikes that it was nationalizing foreign holdings.

There is some consolation for the West. With the exception of Zambia and one or two others, most of these mineral-rich nations are as soddenly reactionary as Faisal's Saudi Arabia, and Chile stands as mute testimony to the immediate future of radical alternatives. No one at this point is claiming that the poor of these countries will be the direct beneficiaries of a world-wide minerals fight, and what may happen is that the majority of Third World countries will actually become worse off, since they are even less able to pay for expensive minerals for their own infant industries. India, for example, is now reeling under the impact of the Middle East price rises. But changes, whatever they may be, are coming, and the sun over the American empire, if not setting, shines exceedingly dim at the moment.

Domestically, Big Oil is facing a different threat. This time they may have gone too far. Public opinion polls show that the majority of Americans don't believe in the "crisis," and Democrats, ever-mindful of 1976, have moved on those beliefs. In December 1973, Senator Stevenson introduced a bill calling for TVA-style federal corporations to produce and market petroleum drawn from federal lands. Co-sponsors of the bill included Senators Kennedy, Mondale, McGovern, Metcalf and Harte.

State governments are also on the move: in January, Vermont announced plans to take over the state's private electric company, and Democratic gubernatorial candidates in California and other major states are now discussing whether to make oil a major issue in their upcoming races. And a new battery of environmental suits are now being prepared against not just oil, but utility companies that structure rates on a buy-more, pay-less basis for big industry, while the consumer pays only a flat rate for what he or she uses.

But the Optimism of Increments in 1974 is just as dangerous a game as it was in 1969 or 1973. Companies capable of spending hundreds of millions just to push their side of the case in nationwide ads are veteran power players, and the hopes of a new TVA setting models for further change are probably as elusive as they were for the old TVA. The world, and America too, are going to change in the wake of the biggest holdup in history, but how, and by how much, shouldn't lead to pregnant dreams, but neither should it lead to even more pessimism.

Like it or not, we are most likely going to go on paying for gas at 50, 60, 70 cents a gallon. But someday, way down the long-distant horizon, when a real, honest-to-god, industry-destroying, economy-killing energy crisis finally looms into view, people maybe will realize a simple axiom: in oil, power grows out of the barrel, and when power is held by a few, it will be used for a few. That time has not come, not in America at least. But in the meantime, it would serve us all to begin shouting it from the highest hills. Eventually, people will hear.

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LETTERS

(From page 8)

much attention to its necessity or utility. . . ."

The report goes on to cite LEAA support of unevaluated pushing of computers, communications equipment, weapons and vehicles, closed-circuit TV, helicopters, and night-vision equipment. It continues, on Marketing Techniques: "Not only do some companies offer to write LEAA grant proposals for their customers, but many of them obtain LEAA training grants so that law enforcement officials can be taught to use their equipment as they develop the market." The chapter concludes with this warning:

"The undirected distribution of the *massive* [my emphasis] LEAA funds has stimulated a growing police hardware market composed in substantial part of technology developed for the Vietnam war. . . . Neither corporate vendors nor LEAA-supported customers have given adequate attention to the potential for invasions of civil rights and civil liberties that such equipment provides. . . ." (Copies of the report may be obtained from the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, 733 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C.)

2. There is no agreement on what constitutes "essential criminal justice agency needs." Not only that, but LEAA wants and has no control over the expenditure of most of the money it gives out. LEAA has become the showcase for Nixon's "new federalism" of revenue-sharing, and the most important effect is that the states and localities are free to do whatever they want with their LEAA grants. According to Congressional and foundation studies, much of the money is spent on hardware and related programs which one or another police force may consider "essential" but make no sense otherwise. Furthermore, Santarelli's claim of 10.6 percent of Part C funds spent directly on hardware does not take into account all the ways the State Planning Agencies use their money for technological "essentials" and training programs. Additionally, LEAA's "discretionary grant" program uses 36 percent of its funds for policing, which includes equipment purchases, training, data processing, and riot control.

3. Santarelli's long list of percentages for LEAA state-planning-agency expenditures is practically worthless as real information about how the money is being spent. For example, his 9.9 percent for "prevention of crime," 21.6 percent for "detection and apprehension of criminals," 2.5 percent for "civil disorders control," and 5.1 percent for "research and development" all could cover technology-related items.

Like most of LEAA operations over its brief lifetime, Santarelli's defense is misleading at best; at worst it is cynical and sinister and if you believe it, you'll believe anything.

["PSYCHIC RAPE"]

Editors / Contrary to the tired rhetoric Rae Matthews (Letters, Jan. '74) would have us believe, the real psychic rape, the real fuck overs, were not on the part of Andrew Kopkind, Myra Friedman, or Peggy Caserta, but on the part of Joplin herself, her promoters, and most of all her fans, her devotees, those like Rae Matthews herself, who would canonize Janis.

Who are the victims? All of the beautiful singers Joplin was a poor whitewashed version of. Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, (Diana Ross is *not*), Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, and Mama Thornton (she wrote "Ball 'n' Chain"), to name a few. But even sadder victims are those people like Ms. Matthews, who don't remember history, don't realize/remember the masses from the previous generations who were drawn away from geniuses like Duke, Burd, and Coltrane by the ilk of Paul Whiteman, Stan Kenton, and Dave Brubeck.

To quote Michael Lydon, "In fact, rock, rather than being an example of how freedom can be achieved within the capitalist structure, is an example of how capitalism can, almost without conscious effort, deceive those whom it oppresses." Indeed, all that is needed to escape what Lydon describes, what Matthews calls psychic rape (though she is describing the wrong folk) is to open one's ears.

Peter Katz
Concord, Calif.

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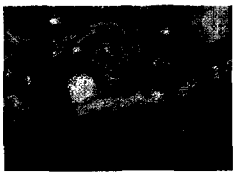
261.PICASSO.DON QUIXOTE
An inspiration in black on pure white.Reg.$7.**Sale 4.95**



271.VAN GOGH.STARRY NIGHT.In swirling blues and spiraling yellows, browns.and greens.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

701.KLEE.SENECIO.Red orange,yellow, pink,white beige.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

766.MONET.SAILING BOAT AT ARGENTUEIL.Soft summer blue,yellow,red and pale leaf green.Reg.$10.**Sale 4.95**

847.D.S.GYPSY.Warm flesh tones.Shades of gold,blue green.Reg.$15. **Sale 4.95**

247.PICASSO.BLUE NUDE
Pastel shades of blue,green, soft beige.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

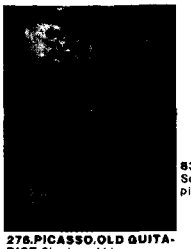
309.VAN GOGH:CAFE AT ARLES.Shades of gold,blue and black.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

752.VAN GOGH.PEACH TREE
Soft,pale gold,blue,pink,and light brown.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

298.HOLST.SCHOONER.Windswept sea blues.shades of gold,green,tan and cool white.Reg. $14 **Sale 4.95**

313.PICASSO.DANCE OF PEACE.Yellow,brown,green on pure white.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

782.VAN GOGH.STREET IN AUVERS.Blue,yellow,green red.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**



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722.ROUSSEAU.VIRGIN FOREST.In cool,deep jungle shades of green,tan, black,yellow & blue.Reg.$15.**Sale 4.95**

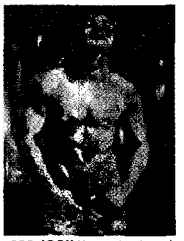
747.MONET.GIVERNY GARDENS.Shades of soft,pale blue, & yellow gold.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

265.MONET.RED POPPIES.In pastel shades of green,cerrulean blue,orange white & pale yellow.Reg.$10.**Sale 4.95**

478.MODIGLIANI.RECLINING NUDE.Brown,red,flesh tones black.Reg $14. **Sale 4.95**

783.VAN GOGH.AVENUE OF POPLARS.Important drawing in sepia tones.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**

827.REMBRANDT:LION RESTING.
Masterful brown & black brushstrokes on antique beige.Reg.$15. **Sale 4.95**



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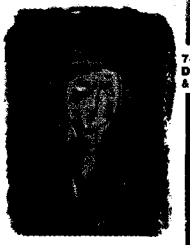

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746.PICASSO.HOMAGE TO THE SUN
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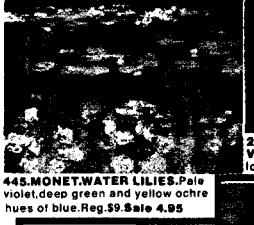
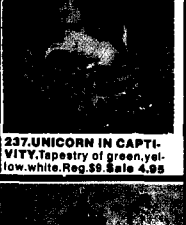
252.PICASSO.THREE MUSICIANS.Brown,black,red,purple, white & tan.Reg.$12.**Sale 4.95**



445.MONET.WATER LILIES.Pale violet,deep green and yellow ochre hues of blue.Reg.$9.**Sale 4.95**



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820.PORTRAIT OF A MANDARIN.Full color.Reg.$20 20 x 34 **Sale 9.95.** Mounted 14.95

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The Shaping of American Working Class Consciousness

STANLEY ARONOWITZ

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If the working class fails to make a break with the past, the future points toward increasing alienation. If this break is to be made, writes Aronowitz, it cannot result from working class "militancy alone, or simply from the ability of the ideological left to capture a large working class constituency. It will arise out of new conditions, rooted equally in new social relations and in the development of a conscious opposition culture generated by the workers themselves."

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ARONOWITZ ON:

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The Decline of the Work Ethic: "Prior generations accepted the routine character of their labor as an inevitable price that must be paid for steady wages. They regarded the division of labor according to which skills were degraded and quantity replaced quality as the object of production as a part of the natural order of things. Drawing on the experience of equality encountered in play and friendship during an extended childhood, youth today enter labor with the rudiments of that alternate conception that makes traditional industrial discipline anathema."

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